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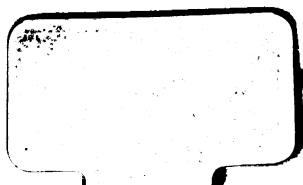
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*All about Margate and Herne Bay*



1817







SEASIDE GUIDE BOOKS.  
ONE SHILLING.

# MARGATE



AND  
**HERNE BAY.**

LONDON: W. KENT & CO. PATERNOSTER ROW.













# ALL ABOUT MARGATE AND HERNE BAY;

INCLUDING

DRAPERS', ST. PETER'S, AND SALMESTONE;  
CHAPEL BOTTOM, HENGROVE, TWENTIES, AND NASH COURT;  
KINGSGATE AND ITS MODERN ANTIQUES;  
GARLINGE, DANDELION, BIRCHINGTON, AND QUEX;  
RECVLVER, HERNE, HAMPTON, AND FORD PALACE;  
WHITSTABLE AND CANTERBURY.



With Coloured Frontispiece,

MAP OF THE ISLE OF THANET, AND FORTY ENGRAVINGS.

*Gough Adds Kent  
8<sup>o</sup> 107.*

LONDON: W. KENT & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.



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## USEFUL INFORMATION.

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### HOTELS, &c.

#### MARGATE.

ROYAL—Cecil Square.  
YORK—Marine Parade.  
WHITE HART—Marine Parade.  
KING'S HEAD—High Street.  
DUKE'S HEAD—opposite the Pier.  
THE KENT—Lower Marine Terrace.  
FORT CASTLE—near the Fort.  
ELEPHANT—High Street.  
HOY—on the Quay.  
PIER—opposite the Jetty.  
SHIP—Marine Parade.

NELSON—Marine Parade.  
ALBION—corner of Bridge Street.  
FOUNTAIN—King Street.  
CROWN AND ANCHOR—Zion Place.  
CINQUE PORT ARMS—Lower Marine Terrace.

BRITANNIA—on the Fort.

#### HERNE BAY.

ROYAL PIER—opposite the Pier.  
DOLPHIN—near the Pier.  
KING'S HEAD—King's Street.  
NEW DOLPHIN—William Street.

### CHURCHES, &c.

St. JOHN'S, the Parish Church, is situated at the southern end of High Street. The Sunday morning services commence at half-past 10, the afternoon at 3, and the evening at half-past 6. There is also a service on Thursday evening at half-past 6.

TRINITY CHURCH is situated on the Fort. It was built in 1829. The Sunday morning services commence at 11, the afternoon at 3, and the evening at half-past 6. There is also an evening service on Wednesday at half-past 6.

THE CHAPEL OF EASE is in Cecil Street.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH is situated in Union Crescent.

THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL is in Hawley Street.

THE BAPTIST CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL is in New Cross Street.

ZION CHAPEL (Countess of Huntingdon) is in Addington Square.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH is in Prince's Crescent.

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HERNE BAY.—CHRIST CHURCH—William Street.

„ UNION CHAPEL (CONGREGATIONAL)—Mortimer Street.

### POST OFFICES, &c.

THE MARGATE POST OFFICE is in Cecil Square, opposite the Assembly Rooms. There are Pillar Boxes in Paradise Place and Bank Side, and Letter Boxes at Charlotte Street and at the Railway Stations.

Morning mail for London; box closes at 11.15; letters received until 11.25, with an extra stamp.

Evening mail for London; box closes at 9; letters received until 9.20, with an extra stamp.

The morning mail from London is delivered in Margate at 7.

The afternoon mail from London is delivered in Margate at 2.30.

Letters to the neighbouring villages leave the Post Office at 8 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.

Post Office Orders payable from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m.—Saturdays till 8 p.m.



The **HERNE BAY POST OFFICE** is kept by Mr. Banks, Stationer and Newsvendor William Street.

Morning mail for London; box closes at 9.30.

Evening mail for London; box closes at 7.20.

The morning mail from London is delivered at from 7.30 to 8.30.

The afternoon mail from London is delivered between 3 and 4.

Post Office Orders payable from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

### BANK.

**COBB AND Co.**—King Street, Margate.

### RAILWAY FARES (*From Margate*).

	1st.	2nd.	3rd		1st.	2nd.	3rd.
To London, ordinary trains	13s.	9s.	5s. 6d.	Return,	20s.	14s.	8s. 6d.
„ Ramsgate or Broadstairs	8d.	6d.	3d.	„	1s.	8d.	4d.
„ Canterbury .....	3s. 4d.	2s. 4d.	1s. 3d.	„	5s.	3s. 6d.	2s.
„ Birchington .....	10d.	6d.	3d.	„	1s. 3d.	9d.	6d.
„ Herne Bay .....	2s. 6d.	1s. 6d.	11d.	„	3s. 9d.	2s. 3d.	1s. 9d.
„ Whitstable.....	3s. 6d.	2s.	1s. 3d.	„	5s.	3s.	2s. 6d.
<b>HERNE BAY to London.....</b>	<b>11s.</b>	<b>7s. 6d.</b>	<b>5s. 2d.</b>	„	<b>16s. 6d.</b>	<b>11s. 3d.</b>	<b>8s.</b>

### STEAM-BOAT FARES, &c. (*Margate*).

To London, 5s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.; Excursions to Dover, including Railway to Ramsgate, 2s. 6d. Return, 3s.

**SAILING VESSELS.**—Two hours' Excursion to Ramsgate, Herne Bay, or round the Goodwins, 1s.

**SAILING or ROWING BOATS**, 1s. per hour for a single passenger; 6d. per hour for each additional passenger.

### FLYS, &c.

**MARGATE.**—Flys, 2s. 6d. per hour; saddle-horses, 2s. 6d. per hour, 15s. per day.

**HERNE BAY.**—Jobmaster, Mr. A. Bird, King's Head Inn, King Street.

Flys to Canterbury (9 miles), by the day, 12s.; journey, 8s. Reculver (4 miles), by the day, 10s.; journey, 4s. Grove Ferry (6 miles), by the day, 10s.; journey, 5s. Whitstable (5 miles), by the day, 10s.; journey, 5s. Herne (2 miles), journey, 2s. Sturry (South Eastern Railway Station), 4s. 6d.

Carriages holding 4 or 5 persons, to or from Herne Bay Railway Station, 1s. 6d.

### COACHES.

Margate to Canterbury and back, 2s. 6d.

Herne Bay to Canterbury, 1s. 6d.

### BATHS.

**MARGATE.**—Bathing-rooms. There are several of these in High Street.

„ Clifton Baths, on the Fort.

„ New Clifton Baths, near Newgate Coastguard Station.

„ There is also a bathing establishment at Lower Marine Terrace.

„ Warm Baths, from 1s. to 2s.; Bathing Machines, 6d.

**HERNE BAY.**—St. George's Baths, on the Parade.

„ Homersham's and Gipson's Baths are at the east end of the Parade.

„ Warm Baths, 2s.; Shower-baths, 1s.; Bathing Machines, 6d.





# ALL ABOUT MARGATE, HERNE BAY, ETC.

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## I.

### TO MARGATE BY RAILWAY.

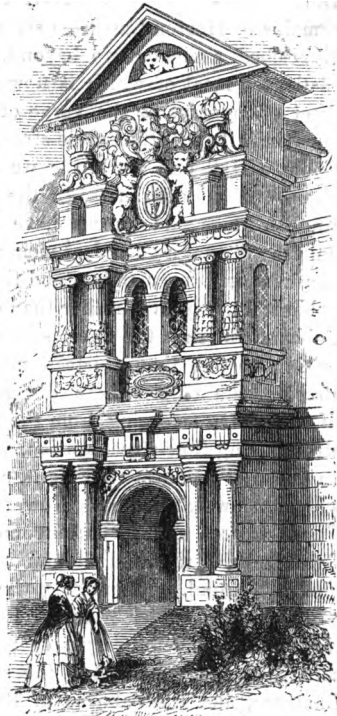
A THOROUGHLY hot summer has the effect of thinning the great world of London of a considerable portion of its population, long before the regular break-up of the season; for who that can avoid it would care to remain and scorch the soles of his feet on the glowing flags at the West, or breathe the oppressive atmosphere of the crowded thoroughfares at the East, when he can cool himself with the racy breezes of either German or Atlantic Ocean? Those who are not fastidiously inclined, and who don't care particularly for solitude and nature in its grander aspects, and who do care a good deal for the life and bustle of a crowded watering-place, and such simple enjoyments as occasional excursions by land or water to places of interest in its neighbourhood will furnish, find Margate exactly to their mind. It is for such as these that this book is intended.

Margate has now the advantage of two lines of railway, and we propose to sketch rapidly the route by each, and first that by the London, Chatham, and Dover and Kent Coast Railway. Starting from either the Victoria or Ludgate-hill stations, we are not clear of the proximity of the house-tops until we reach the junction at Herne Hill, when we find ourselves in a

pleasant suburban district, with handsome mansions standing in the midst of almost parklike grounds, and modest-looking country boxes surrounded by pretty gardens and well-kept paddocks, and picturesque groups of fine trees. Then we come into the open fields, and passing Dulwich, enter a long tunnel, on emerging from which, the Crystal Palace may be seen rising up behind us. Beckenham is soon reached—notable only for the picturesque lich-gate at the entrance to its churchyard, and the marble tablet within its church to Captain Hedley Vicars, who fell at Sebastopol. Now we pass through a long cutting, followed by a hilly, richly-wooded district, known as Shortlands, where, at the residence of Mr. W. A. Wilkinson, is preserved the embalmed head of Oliver Cromwell, which was blown down from its iron spike at the top of Westminster Hall one stormy night, some couple of centuries ago, and picked up by the sentinel on duty, who sold it as a curiosity. Bromley is in sight immediately afterwards, where the Bishops of Rochester formerly had a palace, which was the scene of the discovery of a pretended plot, implicating Bishop Spratt and others in a treasonable conspiracy. In this palace lived Bishop Atterbury, who often had Pope for his guest. Bromley church is chiefly noted for a plain flat stone forming part of the pavement of the nave, which marks the place of interment of Dr. Johnson's wife, Tetty, in whose memory a Latin epitaph was, of course, composed by him. Behind Bromley lies Chislehurst, where Camden, the antiquary, had his country seat, the site of which still goes by the name of Camden Park; and Scadbury, the birth-place of Sir Nicholas Bacon, with most of its old timber manor-house in much the same state, externally, as it was in Queen Elizabeth's Lord Keeper's days; and Frogna, the birth-place of Sir Philip Warwick, a loyal servant to both Charles I., (whose memoirs he wrote,) and to his reprobate son. Frogna is now the seat of Viscount Sydney, Queen Victoria's Lord Great Chamberlain.

On the opposite side of the line, shut out from view, however, is Hayes Place, where the great Lord Chatham died, and where his celebrated son, William Pitt, was born. In the chancel of Hayes church still hang the dusty, moth-eaten banners used at Chatham's public funeral. A mile or more beyond, is Holwood House, occupying the site of the little brick and plaster edifice, which was for many years the favourite retreat of William Pitt, and in the woods adjacent to which he used to go birds'-nesting, when a boy. On the brow of the hill are the remains of a series of extensive fortifications, known far and wide by the name of Cæsar's camp. The country in the neighbourhood of Bickley—which is the next station passed—consisting, as it does, of bold sweeps of hill and dale, and luxuriant growing woods, is of a most charming character, and one is not surprised

to see that the builder has taken possession of it, and is covering all the fine sites with handsome suburban mansions. A ride of a couple of miles, chiefly through a dense plantation, with a hop-garden or two in the dip on our left, brings us to the station of St. Mary's Cray, with a wide stretch of open country on either hand, showing well-cultivated fields and patches of woodland; and in the valley beneath us the river Cray, with the extensive paper mills of the Messrs. Joynson dwarfing the adjacent church and village. The church contains several interesting brasses, one of so late a period as the reign of George II. At the end of a long cutting we come to Sevenoaks junction, and after passing through a mile or two of pleasant-looking country, with fields of ripening



ENTRANCE PORCH, COBHAM HALL.



GATEWAY, COBHAM HALL.

B

grain, and gardens where the hops are hanging in rich festoons, we reach the Farningham-road station, and are carried along a high embankment across the charming rural valley through which the river

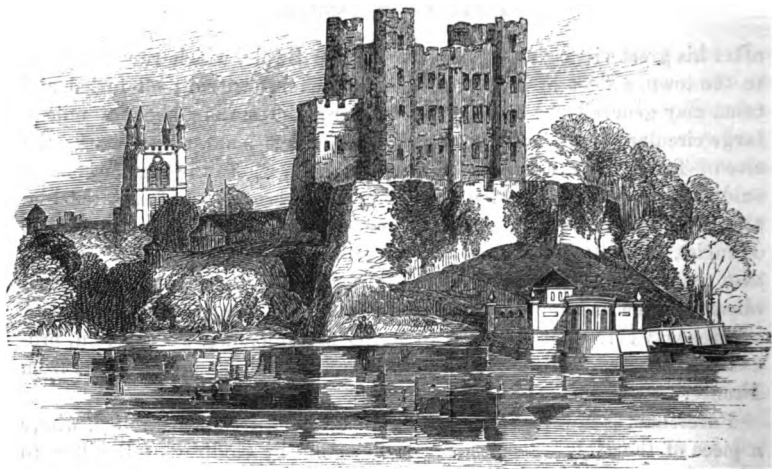


Darent takes its course. At Horton Kirby, on our right hand, are the remains of Horton Castle—a stronghold of the Norman De Ros's, and at Eynesford, a mile or two beyond, are the ruined walls of another Norman castle, the moat of which is now an orchard. We here enter on a bare tract of country, at the verge of the chalk hills, and pass Meopham on our right hand—then Sole-street station, within a couple of miles of Cobham Hall and Park, the woods skirting which we obtain a passing glimpse of on our left. In the stately hall of Cobham several of our English kings and queens have been right royally entertained. The building is now a good deal modernised; still, there is much of its ancient picturesqueness remaining, and the fine old park, with its dense clusters of noble trees, improves rather than deteriorates by age. In the chancel of Cobham church is the finest series of sepulchral brasses in England, comprising no less than thirteen memorials of the families of Cobham and Brooke—the effigies here displayed being in many instances of full life-size. On emerging from the long chalk cutting which we enter just after leaving Sole-street station, we pass some broad patches of woodland on the high ground to our right, and then catch a glimpse of the Medway with its low flat banks. Now the imposing-looking keep of Rochester Castle towers above the surrounding trees, and then the spires of the Cathedral rise up beside it, and we find ourselves first among the house-tops of Stroud, and crossing the Medway—studded below bridge with a little fleet of collier brigs—at Rochester, famed for its hospital for poor travellers, not being rogues or proctors. After passing through a short tunnel we are soon among the shipping, dockyard, and fortifications of Chatham, and the suburbs of Brompton and New Brompton; next we catch sight of St. Mary's Island, with four or five heavy-looking convict hulks moored close in shore. In the far distance is the Isle of Grain, where Thames and Medway meet, and close at hand are the Upchurch marshes, where the Romans, during their occupation of Britain, had numerous potteries, and where an abundance of fragments of refuse ware have been, and still are, found. We now come upon a succession of pleasant villages and old grey churches with stunted towers and red-tiled roofs, scattered among rich corn-fields and pasture-lands and cherry-orchards and hop-gardens, and passing first Newington on our right hand—where was formerly a Norman priory, the prioress of which was one night found strangled in her bed, which caused the establishment and all the nuns to be transferred to Minster in the Isle of Sheppey—and then Milton, famous for its oyster-beds, at last reach Sittingbourne, where there is a branch line of railway across the Isle of Sheppey to Sheerness.

Sittingbourne was a halting-place for pilgrims on their way to Canterbury, and here Henry V. rested and dined when proceeding to London

after his great victory at Agincourt. In the Swale, which runs right up to the town, a fleet of barges, with their rich brown sails all furled and trim, may generally be seen. After passing the station about a mile, a large circular mound will be noticed on the left hand, which marks the site of Tong Castle, a famous Saxon stronghold, where the fair Rowena is said to have drunk "wass-hael" to King Vortigern, and so fascinated him that he resigned the kingdom of Kent to that doubtful hero of antiquity, Hengist, and where the cruel massacre of the Britons by the Saxons is also reputed to have taken place. We next reach Teynham, the original cherry-garden and apple-orchard of England, for here the chief gardener of Henry VIII. planted no less than 105 acres, having, we are told, procured his cherry-grafts from the Low Countries and his pippin-grafts from France.

Faversham is now in sight—Faversham celebrated for its abbey, where a piece of the Holy Cross, sent from Palestine by Godfrey of Bouillon to King Stephen, was religiously preserved, and where Stephen and his queen, Matilda, and their son, Eustace, are said to have been buried. After the Reformation and the destruction of the abbey, its site came into the possession of Thomas Arden—the "Arden of Faversham" of the well-known tragedy. Arden had a young and comely wife, who fell in love with an old servant of her father-in-law's, one Mosbye, a "black, swart man," with whom she conspired to bring about her husband's death. They secured for accomplices Green, Arden's serving-man, and Black Will, a "terrible cruel ruffian," lately returned from the French wars. This pair of assassins dogged Arden in his journeys to London and in his rambles in the neighbourhood of his own home, but without finding the opportunity they sought. Mistress Alice, growing impatient, secreted Black Will one evening in the parlour-closet, and while Arden was engaged with Mosbye at a game of tables, signalled him; whereupon he rushed out, and twisting a towel tightly round Arden's neck, almost strangled him; Mosbye completed the work; and Alice, wife of his bosom, gave the dead man seven or eight pricks with a knife in the breast. The body was now moved away, and company were bidden to the house, to whom supper was served; after which, the guests danced and played upon the virginals, and passed a merry time of it. When they had all taken their departure, the dead body was stripped, and a nightgown and slippers being put on it, it was carried out of the house to the Ambry Croft. Mistress Alice now raised an alarm, and the mayor and others came to search for the missing man. At length Arden's body was found, and footsteps were observed in the snow leading from the spot where it was discovered in the direction of the house. This awakened the mayor's suspicions, and he at once accused Mistress Alice of the murder. She confessed the crime and

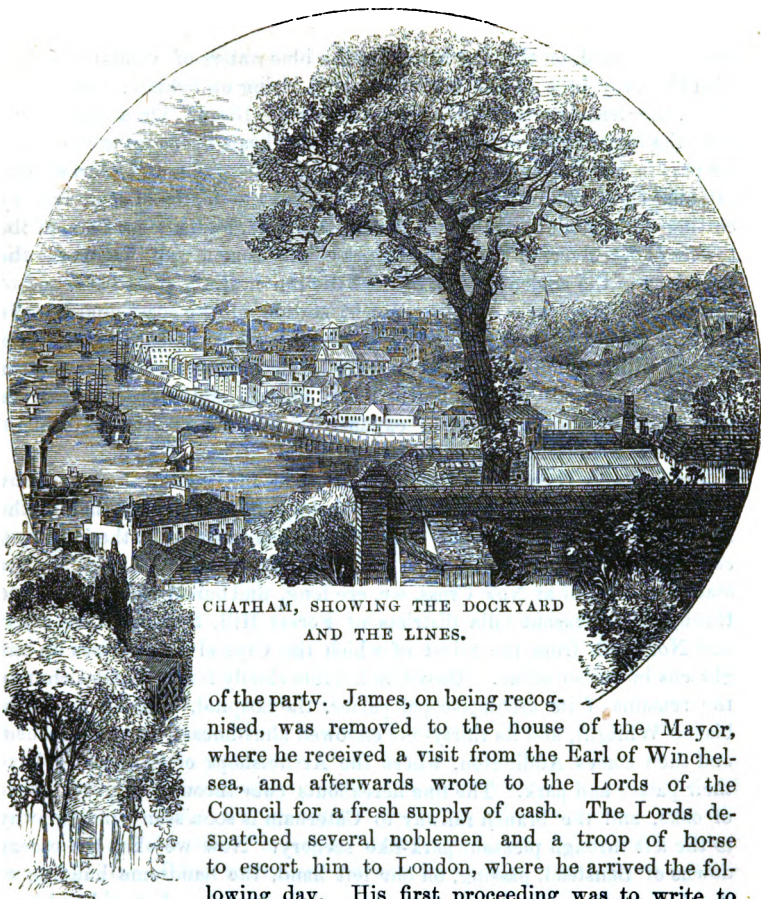


ROCHESTER CASTLE FROM THE MEDWAY.

named her accomplices. Mosbye, the black "swart" lover, was hung at Smithfield; Green was hung at Faversham; Mistress Alice was burnt alive at Canterbury; Black Will evaded arrest for several years, but was caught at last and broken on the wheel at Flushing.

The house of Arden, a long, steep-roofed building, which had formed part of the Abbey offices, is still pointed out in the town. Faversham church, which is of various styles of architecture, contains some curious early wall-paintings; and in the chancel are twelve beautifully carved oak stalls, a splendid altar tomb, and three sedilia. The Faversham Institute, comprising lecture hall, library, reading and class rooms, forms the most important public building in the town. The Faversham powder mills, in the marshland near Ore, are believed to be the largest in England. Almost in the centre of the powder-mills' district is Davington, formerly noted for its priory, considerable portions of which, dating back to the time of Edward I., still exist. Mr. T. Willement, the well-known genealogist and antiquary, has converted these into a handsome residence, and has repaired and decorated the adjoining church.

It was to Faversham that James II. was taken, on his attempting to leave the country in disguise, after the landing of the Prince of Orange. He was seized by a party of Faversham sailors, who, observing a suspicious-looking craft taking in ballast at Shellness, in the Isle of Sheppey, proceeded to board her. Finding three persons of quality in the cabin, they plundered them of all their money and valuables, and then brought them ashore. On their arrival at the Queen's Arms inn, they learnt, to their great surprise, that the King was one



CHATHAM, SHOWING THE DOCKYARD  
AND THE LINES.

of the party. James, on being recognised, was removed to the house of the Mayor, where he received a visit from the Earl of Winchelsea, and afterwards wrote to the Lords of the Council for a fresh supply of cash. The Lords despatched several noblemen and a troop of horse to escort him to London, where he arrived the following day. His first proceeding was to write to the Prince of Orange, at Windsor, but the Prince imprisoned the messenger, and sent word back that he thought it unsafe, in the then juncture of affairs, for James to remain at Whitehall, and suggested Ham, near Richmond in Surrey, as a more fitting place of residence. James, in reply, asked for a pass to France for a gentleman and his two servants, which being forwarded to him, he started off to Rochester, whence he made his way to Shellness again, and set sail for the French coast.

Leaving Faversham we pass the villages of Goodnestone and Graveney, the one on our right, the other on our left. The railway here crosses miles of marshland, which is dotted over with countless herds of sheep and

cattle. Beyond, on the one hand, are the blue waters of Whitstable Bay, with the grey hills of the Isle of Sheppey rising up behind; and, on the other, the densely wooded district known as the Blean. On a sudden, we skirt the low, flat shore, and a fleet of oyster-boats opens up to view, and we pass in succession Whitstable, Swalecliffe, Hampton, and Herne Bay, catching sight meanwhile—when we are not in the depths of some railway cutting—of pleasant farmhouses among the trees, and, after a time, of the towers of Reculver, of the bold outlines of the Roman wall that marks the boundary of the ancient castle, of the little inn nestling at its base, and of the trim white cottages of the adjacent station of the coast-guard. We are now among the marshes again. A long low embankment that restrains the sea within due limits extends from hence almost to Gore End, near Birchington, which is soon reached and passed, and Margate, with its pier and harbour, and broad expanse of sea, its crescents, terraces, parades, and churches, opens up to view.

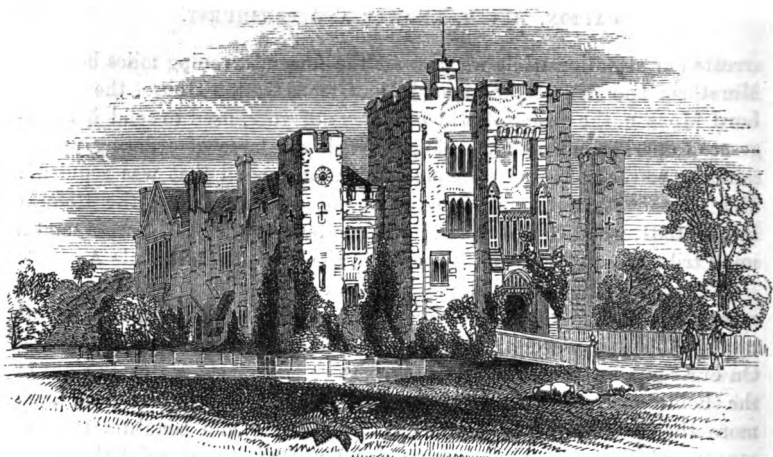
The route to Margate by the South-Eastern line, though the longest by some nine-and-twenty miles, appears to be equally short with that of the London, Chatham, and Dover, so far as the time occupied by the journey is concerned. After the train is clear of London, and has shot by the station and depôt at New Cross, we, ere long, find ourselves being whirled through the pleasant villa districts of Forest Hill, Sydenham, Anerley, and Norwood, from the midst of which the Crystal Palace rises up and glistens in the sunshine. Croydon, notable chiefly for its ancient church, the remains of its archiepiscopal palace, the hospital, founded by Archbishop Whitgift, and its thirty-one endowed alms-houses, is next reached, and then comes Addington, where the Archbishops of Canterbury have their palace and park. The line hereabouts cuts through a pretty grove of oaks, and the branch railway to Caterham is soon seen winding away to the left through pleasant park-like scenery. Now we skirt the breezy downs of Banstead, passing, on our left hand, the handsome building of the Asylum for Fatherless Children, which looks somewhat cold and bare in the midst of its too-naked grounds; and on our right Chipstead, noted for the Norman work in its little church, and its quaint-looking, picturesquely-placed parsonage-house; then, after dipping into a long cutting, and sweeping past a few farm-houses, dotting a well-wooded, undulating tract of country, we dive within the depths of Merstham tunnel, a mile and a furlong long, excavated through the solid limestone, at a cost of over 100,000*l.*; and on emerging again into the light of day, speedily find ourselves at Merstham station, with the church looking down upon us from the steep hill above. The large plain-looking mansion which occupies so commanding a position, in the midst of a beautifully undulating and richly wooded park, and which is the one object on our right hand that

arrests our attention while we traverse the few intervening miles between Merstham and Red Hill stations, is the famous Gatton House, the seat of Lord Monson, the owner of which, in days of yore, used to send his burgesses to parliament without going through the farce of ordering up his retainers to the poll, for his simple nomination was all that was requisite. This pleasant state of things came to an end at the passing of the Reform Bill of 1831, when Gatton found itself side by side with Old Sarum, and a small tribe of equally rotten boroughs in the celebrated schedule A.

We are now at Red Hill junction, where building operations on an extensive scale appear to be for ever going on, and which bids fair, in this respect, to outstrip every locality within a like distance of the metropolis. On our right, stretching away far as the eye can reach, we catch sight of the boldly marked outlines of the Surrey hills, and obtain something more than a glimpse of that charmingly varied and beautiful tract of country which lies between Reigate and Guilford. That palatial-looking edifice crowning the eminence on our left is the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, and the tunnel which we are shortly afterwards whirled through, and which is three quarters of a mile in length, is known as the Bletchingly tunnel. Godstone station is speedily reached, and we are now in the county of Kent and in the heart of a densely wooded district. A few miles more and we find ourselves at Edenbridge; still a few miles more, and Hever is passed on our right hand—Hever, in whose old moated manor-house pretty Anna Boleyn was born, and nurtured, and wooed, alas the day! by her royal lover. Far away on our left hand lie Sevenoaks, and Knowle, the home of the Earls and Dukes of Dorset for well-nigh ten generations, a perfect specimen of an English mansion of the olden time, still kept up in all its antique state, and surrounded by an extensive and richly wooded park. On our right is Penshurst, the birth-place, as everyone knows, of the noble Sir Philip Sidney, poet, courtier, soldier, statesman, and one of the truest-hearted gentlemen that ever graced a court. The fine old hall is still intact, and the legendary trees in the noble park flourish as they did in gentle Sidney's days.

The train now sweeps across the Medway, and we are at Tunbridge, noted for its grammar-school, its celebrated ware, and the ruins of its old Norman castle seen on our left hand, and which was besieged by William Rufus, captured by King John, and again besieged in the reign of Henry III., by Henry's son, afterwards Edward I., and being subsequently granted to Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, continued in the family until the attainder of the last duke, in 1521, when it reverted to the crown. The branch line of railway on the right leads to Tunbridge Wells, and thence to Battle and to Hastings, and that on the left to Sevenoaks. The main line pursues its way through a richly wooded district, leaving on

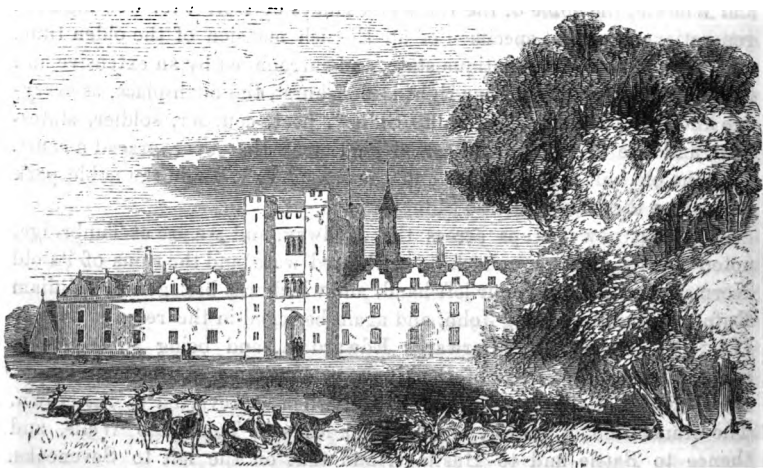




HEVER CASTLE.

the right the beautiful park of Somerhill, where Baron Goldsmid has a handsome mansion, on the site of a more ancient edifice, where dwelt, in days gone by, that cunning old fox, Sir Francis Walsingham—the prime cherisher of plots against the state, with a view of securing the disaffected in his toils—who had his spies and agents throughout the land, and at every court in Europe.

At Paddock-wood station the line to Maidstone branches off to the left,

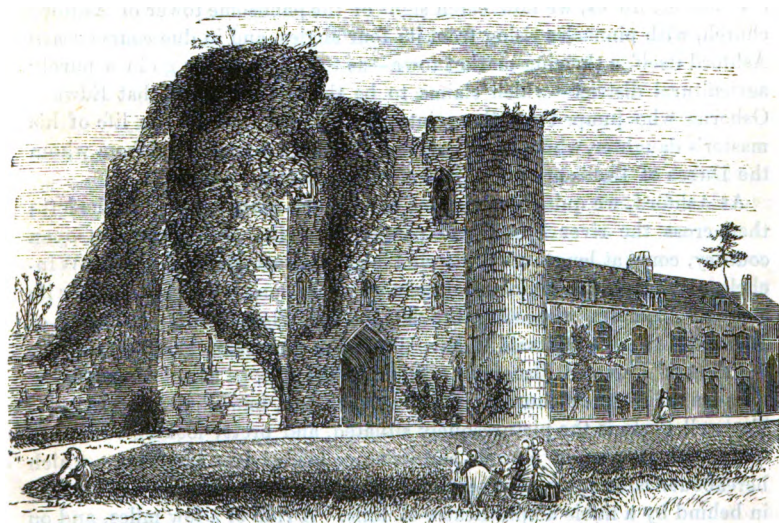


KNOWLE HOUSE FROM THE PARK.



HALL, PENSURST.

while the main line almost strikes the heart of the famous Weald of Kent, passing through Malden, noted for its potteries, with its old-fashioned church on our right hand, and far away among the trees on our left Linton Park, the residence of the Cornwallises, descendants of the famous Marquis,



TUNBRIDGE CASTLE.

the vanquisher of Tippoo Saib. Hop-gardens and cherry-orchards abound throughout this district, and shooting past score after score of them, we, after a time, reach Staplehurst—a picturesque old village on our right, with its timber-built houses of the sixteenth century, and most interesting old church; then Headcorn, famous for its churchyard oak, the trunk of which is forty feet in girth; with East Sutton Place—a fine old Elizabethan mansion, recently restored and partially rebuilt, charmingly situated on the skirts of a richly undulating park, a couple of miles or so distant on our left. Pluckley is the next station, and far away on our right hand, deep in the recesses of the Weald, is Tenterden, the steeple of whose church—still a landmark for mariners proceeding up channel—was, as we all know, in the days of Sir Thomas More, gravely pronounced by the oldest inhabitant of these parts to be the cause of Goodwin Sands. After leaving Pluckley, we pass on our left hand Surrenden-Dering, the family seat of the Derings, who played, with other Kentish gentlemen, a conspicuous part during the great civil war; and afterwards, Hothfield House and Park, the residence of the Earls of Thanet, where, in a field belonging to the estate, is pointed out, in accordance with an old tradition, the spot where rough Jack Cade—whom Shakspeare asserts to have been born at Ashford, close by—is said to have been slain by Walter Iden, the then High Sheriff of Kent. Next comes Goodington, a partly ancient, partly modern mansion, standing in the midst of a noble park. Still on our left hand, but some distance before us, we now catch sight of the handsome tower of Ashford church, with pinnacles rising from its four angles, and in due course reach Ashford itself, a thriving market town—as towns generally go in a purely agricultural district—which claims to be the birth-place of that Edward Osborne who jumped headlong into the Thames to save the life of his master's daughter, whom he, of course, afterwards married, and from whom the Dukes of Leeds are proud to trace their descent.

At Ashford, we quit the main line and branch sharply round to the left; then cross the river Stour, and passing through a wide stretch of open country, come at length to Eastwell Place, the seat of the Earls of Winchelsea, crowning an eminence on our left hand, and which is noted for its singular tradition respecting the last of the Plantagenets, the son of Richard III., who is said to have worked as a common bricklayer at the building of Eastwell Place, and whose tomb is still, or at one time was, to be seen in Eastwell church. On our right hand, immediately opposite to Eastwell Park, is the picturesquely situated, and pretty-looking village of Wye, with its ancient church, and its stone bridge over the Stour—which hereabouts constantly intersects the line of railway—the whole hemmed in behind by a noble amphitheatre of hills. A ride of a few miles, and on the high ground to the left, standing out from a dense background of trees,



CHILHAM CASTLE.

are the richly wooded and beautiful grassy slopes of Gomersham and Chilham parks, which are separated from each other merely by a pleasant country lane. The stately mansion which goes by the name of Chilham Castle, and of which we catch more than a passing glimpse among the trees, dates from the reign of James I. The old Norman keep of the veritable castle, built by Fulbert de Dover in the reign of the Conqueror, is still in existence. We next pass Chilham village, and then the station, and again cross the Stour and dash by the village of Chartham with its paper mills, and its old grey church tower, and its pretty cottages surrounding the village green, and soon find the train passing first beneath the line of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and then crossing Canterbury High-street, on the level, affording us at this moment on our right hand a capital view of the West-gate, with the machicolations over its portcullis, and from which we turn to gaze upon the elegant and lofty Gothic towers of the Cathedral. After the train has left the station we pass a handsome-looking red-brick mansion on our left, which apparently dates back to the days of Queen Anne, or of the early Georges, and arrive in due course at Sturry, from whence we are whirled across the flat marshlands to Grove Ferry, and thence to Minster, where the line branches off on the right to Sandwich and Deal. Our route is for the present, however, straight forward, and on we go until we near Ramsgate station, when the line curves sharply round to the left, and presently we find ourselves, in something like two hours and three-quarters from the time we left London, brought to a standstill, and we alight at the platform of Margate station.



A GENTLEMAN WHO PREFERS LOW WATER TO THE HIGH SEAS.

## II.

### TO MARGATE BY THE HUSBANDS' BOAT.

ON one occasion we ran down to Margate on a Saturday by what the wives called the "husbands' boat," and the children "papa's boat," that we might have an opportunity of observing the conduct of married men, more particularly how they behaved themselves when away from their better halves. We here give the sad account of our trip.

The railway is quick, but it is more expensive travelling, so many husbands prefer going down by the route which, for 4s. 6d., takes them by train as far as Thames Haven, and then ships them on board a steamer. They will tell you they like the "blow upon the water," but the real truth is, they like saving their money; and, mind you, papas with growing Harrys, uneducated Marys, and large-eating Billys, are forced to look very hard at a sovereign before they change it across a counter.

About Friday morning, the papa, who is attending to business in London, receives a letter from mamma at Margate, telling him that he is to be sure and come down on the Saturday, and giving him a thousand directions

about what he is to bring with him or order to be done during his absence. He is to be sure and go to the grocer's, and buy three pounds of lump at 5d., a pound of coffee at 1s. 2d., and a pound of their tea—best mixed, for family use, at 3s. 8d., as advertised. He is to give the maid-servant the inclosed letter, which begins "Jane," and is signed "Your mistress," and he is to bring down with him the calico and thread and trimmings she will fetch from Longcloth and Co., the linendrapers. He is to put in his carpet-bag Clara's pink frock when it comes home from the wash, and to tell the cook to clean the paint in the parlours, and to buy a bottle of pickled walnuts; he is to have the boys' bedsteads taken to pieces, and to see that the maids get on with their needlework, and to bring with him a breast of veal from Fleshby's for the Sunday's dinner, because Margate butchers are asking preposterous prices. Lastly, he is not to dine on board, but to have a nice meat tea when he arrives at the lodgings. This last injunction the papas usually break through on the sly, never saying anything about it afterwards, for they prefer the hot joints and bottled beer in the cabin to the miserably weak tea and scrapings off the cold Saturday's bone so generously provided for them by their prudent wives.

We found the husbands collected together in a crowd at the Fenchurch-street station, making a tremendous fuss over the hampers, and parcels, and boxes they had brought with them. Some were sprucing themselves up by having their boots cleaned by the Ragged School boys; and with parental sympathy they inquired tenderly into the condition of the red-coated lads, saying "Dear me!" when they were told the earnings amounted to ninepence a day, as if it was a very fine income, and calling the institution "a very excellent thing." A few of the papas, regardless of a scolding, had put on clean summer waistcoats, and wore shirts as white as the tops of their own wedding cakes. There were very few mammas, but they mostly carried brown-paper parcels, which kept coming undone at the corners, and showing variously-coloured stuffs which evidently belonged to frocks and dresses.

Just as the train was starting, up came the papa who is always late, looking very warm and puffy from running, and as red in the face as the edges of boiled beef. The guard shouted out, "Now then, make haste, you, sir!" and he was shot into a carriage like a letter into a post-office, where, regardless of the feelings of his fellow-passengers, he instantly raised the temperature of the compartment by unbuttoning his waistcoat and letting himself cool, as if he were a furnace and had opened the doors.

When we reached the end of our land journey, the husbands were very much surprised to find the wind we left so tranquil in London very high, and blowing in their faces till their stiff whiskers fluttered like down. Somebody said, "We shall have a nasty passage, I think," and in a

moment red cheeks turned white, like rose leaves over sulphur fumes. The six husbands we were with became of a pale slate-colour, and all inquired, in a tone intended to appear indifferent, "Will it be rough?" Hands were thrust out of window to judge for themselves; but there was a flag close by, jerking at the rope, and full of waves as corrugated iron roofing, which afforded but little consolation to the nervous beholders. A gentleman in a pea-coat hinted that he liked a rough sea, because it gave him an appetite, and the look the slate-coloured papas gave him was as spiteful and withering as if he had just failed, owing them a large account.

Once afloat, and the husbands made use of the "high wind" as an excuse for dining on board. They revived the theory that nothing was so bad as sea-sickness on an empty stomach, and in a body they rushed to the main-cabin steps. We never before witnessed so determined a struggle for food. The single men had no chance. The papas pushed and frowned until they had seized upon the best places. Whilst the modest bachelor, in a timid voice, mildly asked for "a plate, if you please," the husband shouted out, like a corporal to his men, "Am I to stop here all my life without a plate?" If a papa wanted a joint, he spoke as if it were death to disobey him. "That lamb," or "the beef here," or "more salad," and the dishes were set before him; so that he had nearly eaten himself sleepy before the single man's "I'll thank you for another slice of ham" had even attracted notice. How they ate, and how they drank, and how they stained the cloth with mustard, it is beyond us to record; but we felt partly avenged by noticing that most of them had stained their shirt-fronts with beer droppings, and that their wives would find them out. One papa was not aware that he had let a large piece of boiled beef fat drop into his waistcoat, so that he carried it all the way to Margate with him.

The papas seemed to like sitting on the paddle-boxes and letting their legs dangle. They gave loud shouts for the waiter; and when the lad made his appearance, the orders for brandy-and-water would have made the heart of Mr. Gough, the temperance lecturer, collapse like a soap-bubble.

One of the papas had two little children with him, and consequently dared not do as he liked, for fear they should tell. He had to resort to subterfuges, and keep ordering another and another glass for the children, telling them as he drank it they would assuredly be sea-sick without such a stimulant. The poor little things had a sip each (about as much as a yesterday's chick would swallow), and then he stirred the liquid into a whirlpool, and knowingly drank the remainder. These children, both under eight years of age, had four large tumblers of grog between them.

All the married men talked about money and business. "Do you know who bought the last lot of sugar?" asked one from Mincing-lane. "I told

the whole vestry it was a swindle—that I did!” exclaimed another from Marylebone. “We had security before sending the goods home,” said a third, who was evidently a tailor from Regent-street. We were delighted to see that more than half the husbands were smoking, because we had sufficient faith in a wife’s nose to foresee quarrels at thirteen to the dozen.

How extremely jolly the papas were whilst the water was smooth! They winked at each other every time they added another “dead man” to the cluster of black stout bottles under their seats, saying in a sly manner, “This won’t do,” or “I can’t stand this,” and then laughing knowingly, as if they knew they were cheating somebody at home. Wait a bit, my friends, we said to ourselves—wait until Margate is in sight, and then you’ll have to put your hats on straight, and pull on your gloves, and not laugh as loud as if you were crying ballads.

About the third glass of hot brandy-and-water some of the papas grew excited, and became pink up to the cheek-bones, whilst their eyelids drooped as an old hat-brim. Then they began to quarrel for the slightest thing. One who was hitting the paddle-wheel with his fist, as if he saw a nail sticking up, said he considered something “hunworthy of a henlightened parlimint;” to which his friend, whose under-lip was getting limp and moist, observed, “He allers paid me like a gentleman.” The dispute grew, until in a few minutes one was threatening to give the other “as fine a black eye as ever was took into Margate!” and the other replied that, “if his friend would step down, that tuppenny-ha’penny bounce should soon be took out!”

The five or six wives on board seemed horrified at the conduct of the papas. They seemed to be wondering to themselves whether *their* dear lords “went on” in that style when they were away. What would those indignant matrons have given to have known some of the addresses of the renegade husbands? They would have gone without tea for a week if they could only have acquainted a few of the poor things at home with the tricks their gentlemen were up to in their absence.

But the punishment was at hand, for the waves by the time we were off Sheerness grew to be as big as tents. As we steamed past the Nore light-ship the vessel rolled and pitched as if it had been a Mazeppa tied to the back of a galloping sea-horse. The foam dashed over the sides, and wetted the papas’ clothes, and trickled down their necks, and made their shirt-fronts look half transparent, like greased paper. Then they got down from the paddle-boxes, thinking it was too early to realise their life insurances, and some walked up and down in a forked lightning style, whilst others gave the premonitory symptoms of being ill by hitting their chests, hiccouging, and showing their clenched teeth. The half-emptied bottles of stout were left to grow flat, and the unfinished brandies-and-waters



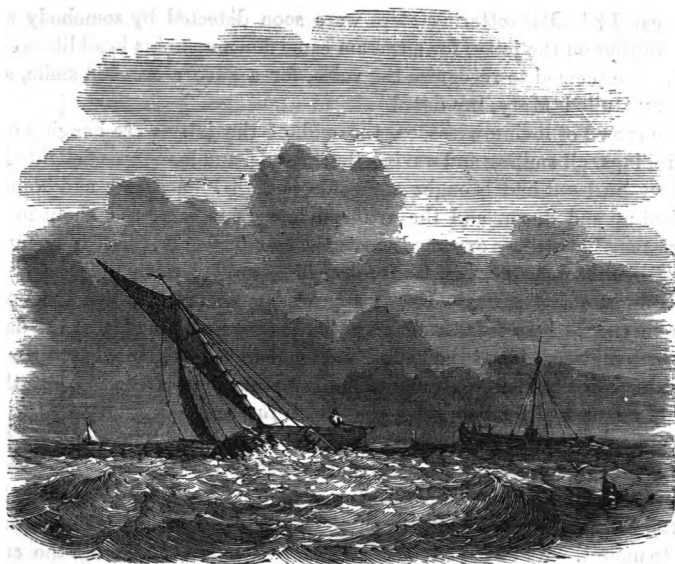


SHEERNESS.

were allowed to slop themselves and make alcoholic puddles on the deck. Faces turned to the colour of butter, and eyes looked wildly about, as if asking for sympathy and aid. How soon the laughter and the quarrelling ceased, and how suddenly some of the papas jumped up from their seats and ran to the side of the boat! We heard one, who was clinging to a rope like a spider when the web is shaken, exclaim, "O dear! if this is what they call the high seas, give me low water, say I!" and he turned his eyes up as if he were trying to force the apple to the other side and look into his own head.

In about another hour we found ourselves slipping past Herne Bay, whereupon we proceeded to console three of our fellow-passengers, who were rather far gone, with the information that quite two-thirds of their misery was now over. The pier, which is fast rotting to pieces, was still stretching itself out to sea, as though inviting us to land, but not a living soul was to be seen upon it. A few miles ahead we sighted the twin towers of the ruined church of Reculver, and on, on the boat steamed until the white cliffs grew taller, and Margate at length, to the delight of most of those on board, opened out to view in the distance.

We told a papa, who sat all of a heap with his eyes shut, like a cock roosting, that Margate was in sight. He faintly uttered, "Thank good-



THE NORE LIGHT-SHIP.

ness!" but never moved or thanked us. We carried the cheering intelligence to another, who was trembling as a coach-spring over the London stones, but he had gone crazy with his sufferings, and mistook us for the steward asking for the reckoning, for he replied, "I've had four quart bottles of stout," and groaned.

At the sound of the call-boy's voice shrieking "Turn easy a-head!" a new life animated the wretched husbands. They knew that their wives were waiting for them, and their misdeeds filled them with fear. Some rose up and buttoned their coats, and tried to comb their matted hair with their fingers; others rushed off to the after-cabin to beg for small pieces of lemon-peel to remove the smell of the cigars and drinking. We inwardly exclaimed, "The ways of virtue are pleasant as dividends, but lemon-peel cannot cloak the breath of the vicious, and the smell of smoke shall cling to him like a bur."

Porters in smock-frocks, looking something like milkmen or gentlemen in their nightshirts, leapt like chamois on the deck, and seized hold of big boxes as vigorously as if they were saving them from a wreck. One husband, who had been too tipsy to be affected by the waves, had mislaid a haunch of venison, and he stopped every porter, saying, "Look here! I've got avaunch of ven'son!" to which the only reply given was, "I can't help

that, can I?" His tottering steps were soon detected by somebody who was waiting on the jetty, for a scream came down upon his head like a shot bird. He seemed to recognise the voice, for a gave a crooked smile, and cried, "Hullo! Mary, my dear!"

The crowd of loving wives on the end of the jetty were hanging over the railings, all smiling and waving their hands, and looking as delighted as if every husband had brought a new dress with him. Hats and bonnets bobbed up and down, and the artificial flowers were tossed about in the hurricane of joy till we expected to see the rose-buds, and lilies, and poppies fly off like sparks. Gloves, white, primrose, and lavender, fluttered about like a flight of butterflies. Heads appeared suddenly between the openings in the hedge of dresses, and pushed forward for a peep at the deck, and the children against the railings in front were so squeezed that we expected to see them ooze through like paste, and we trembled lest they should be marked for life, like a steak with the bars of a gridiron.

The boat was late, and the mammas had been kept waiting nearly two hours, which had made them cross and inclined to quarrel with their lords. When the passengers began to land, a sudden rush was made by the ladies for the balustrade which surrounds the staircase up which the husbands had to mount. As to the heads bent over the well-like opening, the curls hung straight down as plummet lines, and the crowns of the hats showed round as the plates over a kitchen dresser. Little boys who had fathers, but no place for witnessing their ascent of the stairs, climbed up the monster iron crane on one side of the jetty, and made their small legs rusty by curling them round the ironwork. The excitement was at its height, and we really expected to hear three cheers given as the first gentleman made his appearance. He was instantly owned, and whilst he was being led off we heard the question, "Have you brought the salmon?" put to him. Unless he had put it in his coat-pocket or a carpet-bag, he hadn't. Another pale papa rose up like a ghost from a trap-door, and was embraced by a lady, who afterwards sniffed, and observed, "Alfred, you've been smoking!" to which he answered, "It was the funnel;" and retired to be scolded. Some of the papas, when they reached the platform, took up their children one after another and kissed them till the chicks seemed squeezed to bits, and then giving them the umbrella and packages to carry, they walked off, talking with mammas. Among the various phrases at meeting, we may mention the following, as descriptive of the joy felt by the partners for life at once more seeing each other:—"You naughty boy, not to write!" "Did you get my message about the ginger wine?" "So you've thought fit to come at last, have you, sir?" "How did you leave mother?" "Have the painters got out of the house yet?" "Mr. Smith, I really believe you're 'toxicated." This last sentence was addressed to our haunch

of venison friend, who was as limp as the neck of a dead goose, and trod on his own toes as he walked away, saying, "Nonsense, Mary—it's you, my angel!"

All the little boys seemed to be expecting their papas, and directly a fresh hat appeared, a shout was raised of "Here he is!" which made one lady, a widow, give her nine-year-old offspring a tap on the head, as she observed, "Adone with your nonsense, Harry, do! and don't be so tiresome."

In a short time all the married couples had gone off homewards, and nothing but the luggage and the disappointed wives were left behind. These poor ladies seemed terribly vexed, and kept on saying to their companions, "Very odd, aint it?" or, "I don't understand Mr. Robinson's conduct at all—no letter nor nothink." We heard one friend endeavouring to console a very savage mamma by saying—

"Perhaps it's business detains him, Charlotte."

"Business!" cried the wife; "business! well, I do like that! Ha! ha! Don't talk to me of business on a Sunday. That's a pretty idea, certainly. Ha! ha! Mr. Turby must get some better excuse than that. Ha! ha! Business! It won't do with me, I can tell him."

Another lady, who seemed very vexed, and was biting the ends of her gloves with disappointment, asked one of the porters, "If there would be another boat that night?" The man answered, "Not unless they is wrecks," which made her jump with horror, and cry, "Wrecks!" on a sudden, like a hiccough. One matron, who walked about the platform swinging her arm like a man, and followed by three children crying, wanted to go on board the vessel to see if Mr. Tipton had not fallen asleep in the cabin; and when an official assured her that "if he was to hide himself ever so nicely he'd have been rooted out," the mother exclaimed, "Hide himself! what do you mean, fellow?" and retired with her head up like a goose hissing.

### III.

#### MARGATE MEMORABILIA—MARGATE'S PROSPERITY AND DECAY—ROYAL AND NOBLE LOOKERS-IN—SEA BATHING—ALL ABOUT THE MARGATE HOY—THE FIRST STEAM-PACKET—EN ROUTE TO OSTEND—LOCAL AND HISTORICAL—SMUGGLING.

THE first appearance of Margate, as we emerged from the iron gateway at the end of the jetty, put us in mind of a large show window, where everything is ticketed, for the houses seemed to be covered with sign-boards or writing on the walls. The hotels had big bands, as wide as garden-walks, running across them, adorned with immense gold letters, as though it were intended that they should be seen miles off at sea. The O in "York Hotel" is almost as large as the entrance to a main sewer, and as for the H, it is as high as a leaping bar at a riding-school. Margate is altogether a pretty town, reminding you at first sight of Boulogne, and as full of bustle as the ladies' dresses at present in fashion.

Two centuries ago this popular, shrimp-abounding watering-place, was known by the name of Meregate, and ranked as the first town in the Island of Thanet. In the height of their prosperity, the inhabitants, who were in the fishing line of business, grew so proud that they began to invent rhyming insults, intended to wound the feelings of their neighbours. Ramsgate did not then possess a poet Pearce, or we can imagine the withering reply that would have been hurled back at the Meregate cocks, as, perched on their hill, they crowed—

" Ramsgate capons,\* Peter's lings,  
Broadstear scrubs, and Meregate kings."

Having raised themselves to the throne, these bathing-machine monarchs sat themselves down to their shrimp teas, and called each other fine fellows. But the chartist Time, whose revolutions no potentate can resist, has since wrested the crown from the kings of Meregate, and reduced the whole of that numerous royal family to the position of lodging-house keepers; whilst, as if they were to punish them for their pride, the Ramsgate red-herrings have become magnificent gold-fish, and the scrubs of Broadstairs been turned into real ladies and gentlemen.

So far back as the year 1723—close upon a century and a half ago—the Rev. John Lewis, curate of St. John the Baptist, Margate, penned a most desponding description of what he could not refrain from styling "this poor vicarage," and "this poor town." We quote his account verbatim, because it is the first one of any length that appeared in print, descriptive of

\* Red herrings.

the insignificant fishing village on the Kentish coast, then in a state of rapid decline, which was destined some thirty or forty years afterwards to become a fashionable English watering-place, and subsequently perhaps the most popular of all our sea-side places of resort.

Margate, Lewis tells us, was in his day "a small fishing town, irregularly built, and the houses very low, but had formerly been of good repute for the fishing and coasting trade. On that part of the town which lies next the sea is a pier of timber, built east and west in the form of a half moon, to defend the bay from the main sea, and make a small harbour for ships of no great burden, and for fishing craft. At what time this pier was first built, is now unknown. This is certain, that in Queen Elizabeth's reign, it was maintained by certain rates paid for corn and other merchandise shipped and landed at it. These rates were confirmed by the Lord-Warden of the Cinque Ports, (Margate was a "limb" or member of the port of Dover, just as Ramsgate was a "limb" of its neighbour, Sandwich,) who from time to time has renewed and altered the decrees made by him for the ordering and management of this little harbour."

The superior ports appear to have taxed their subject "limbs," just as it suited their sovereign will and pleasure. For instance, they not only made them contribute their full share towards the expense of the ships, which by their charter the Cinque Ports were bound to supply for the defence of the coast, but they mulcted the unfortunate "limbs" in bailiff's composition money, sheriff's noble, King's borth-silver, lath-silver, and in a £5 gratuity to the Lord Warden's purse, and similar payments. Still this was not all, for we find that in "this parish, and the parishes of St. Peter and Birchington, are two companies of foot soldiers raised, which used to be mustered by the Deputy Constable of Dover castle, at a considerable expense to the inhabitants, and the particulars of which I find thus set down in the accounts of Thomas May, deputy here A.D. 1615.

	£	s.	d.
To the Messenger who brought the Warrant to warne the Musters	0	1	0
More moneys layed out when Sir Robert Brett took Muster at Margate the 12 and 13 daies of October for his diet and his followers	3	18	0
More to Mr. Warde	0	10	0
More to Mr. Packenhum	0	10	8
More to Dibbe	0	5	0
More to the Trumpeter	0	5	0
To the two Dromers	0	5	0
To Sir Robert's servants			
First to his Chamberlen and Purse bearer	0	6	8
More to the serving-men	0	2	6
More to the coachman, footman, and horse keepers	0	4	6
More to Mr. Raworth the Clarke of the Musters	0	3	4

	£	s.	d.
<i>More to Mr. Packenhum's and Mr. Ward's men</i> . . . . .	0	2	0
<i>More to the Muster Master</i> . . . . .	0	9	2
<i>More to Mr. Raworth for writing and ingrossing of our Muster Role</i> . . . . .	0	6	0
<i>To the Ferryman for passing Sir Robert and his company over the haven at Sandwich</i> . . . . .	0	8	7

The frequent repetition of the word "more" in the foregoing account, would lead one to suppose that these disbursements did not by any means meet with Deputy Thomas May's cordial approval. The assess levied by authority of the port of Dover was, however, not entirely applied after the foregoing fashion, for out of it in the year 1624, "two watch-houses were built, and a watch-bell hung on the cage; windows made to the court of guard here, and another watch-house built in the fort, which was fortified with a large dike and gates, the expense of which was paid out of this assess. By the same means were provided two brass guns for the fort, and carriages for them, muskets and drums for the watch, powder, musket-bullets, match, rests, bandeleers, pitch, and a barrel for it to set upon the beacon. Out of the same assess were the charges defrayed of filling up the sea gates made in the cliff, to prevent rogues coming up into the country that way from the sea to steal and plunder, especially in time of war. Thus was Fayer-nesse gate dammed up, A.D. 1618.

"The trade of this poor town," Lewis goes on to say, "is now very small, and would be considerably less, was it not for its being the market of the whole island, where the inhabitants bring their corn to send it to London by hoys which go from hence every week. By this trade is the pier and harbour chiefly maintained. The shipping trade, (which once was pretty considerable before the harbour was so much washed away by the sea, and the ships built too large to lay up here) is now all removed to London, where the few masters who live here lay up, victual, and refit their vessels.

"Malting is another branch of the trade of this place, which was formerly so large that there were about forty malt-houses in this parish. But this trade is now gone much to decay; though certainly here might be made the best malt in England, the barley which grows here being so very good, and the land naturally so kind for it.

"About forty years ago, one Prince of this place drove a great trade here in brewing a particular sort of ale, which from its being first brewed at a place called North-down in this parish, went by the name of North-down ale, and afterwards was called Margate ale. But whether it's owing to the art of brewing this liquor dying with the inventor of it, or the humour of the people altering to the liking the pale north-country ale better, the present brewers vend little or none of what they call by the name of Margate ale, which is a great disadvantage to their trade.

"The hanging and drying of herrings is of great use to the poor of this

town, a great many of whom are employed in the season for them, to wash, salt, spit, and hang them. But this is a trade that would be still more beneficial to the place were these herrings caught by the inhabitants, because there would then be more employment for the poor, many of whom here have little to do, beyond spinning and twisting of twine to make nets with, and knitting the nets, &c. But about forty years ago, the fishery here went so much to decay, that they who depended on it were forced to sell their large boats, or let them run out; so that now the boats in which they fish are so small, that they dare not go far off to sea in them, nor venture out off the pier in a fresh gale of wind."

We have not been able to trace how it was that Margate, from the condition of a rapidly decaying fishing village—the houses of which are described as "mean and low, one dirty lane called King-street being the principal street of it"—burst, as it were, all at once into a full-blown watering place. It had been, we know, for many years, with the great people a favourite port of embarkation and debarkation to and from the Continent. For instance, so far back as James I.'s time, the Elector Palatine, James's unlucky son-in-law, accompanied by his bride, the Princess Elizabeth—she to whom the poets of the period addressed some of their most charming verses—embarked here for Holland; later, William III. both set sail from and landed here, and on one occasion was a guest at the neighbouring manor house of Quex, for a considerable time, while waiting for a fair wind to waft him across the channel. George I. debarked at Margate on two occasions, and tradition says that he once had to continue his journey to the metropolis in a mourning coach with rope traces, owing to there being no other available conveyance in the town. His son George II., with Queen Caroline and the young Princess Royal, once came ashore here, we are told, and stayed the night. But more interesting than all, the great Duke of Marlborough landed here on more than one occasion on his return to England, after one or other of his brilliant victories in the Low Countries. In later years, the Duke of York embarked at Margate to enter upon his unlucky campaigns in Flanders. The gallant Duncan, too, landed here after his great victory over the Dutch fleet, off Camperdown.

"Yet October the 'leventh (same year) for hard fighting,  
Was the best brush of all when from Camperdown's shore,  
Brave Duncan so nobly, Dutch treachery requiting,  
Brought their fleet to an anchor all snug at the Nore."

The troops forming the remnant of the disastrous Walcheren expedition, and many of the wounded soldiers from Waterloo, were landed at Margate; and from here the Duke of Wellington was accustomed to proceed on his annual tour of inspection of the fortresses of the Netherlands. It should be remembered that Margate was at this time the regular packet station to Ostend.



Perhaps it is to the accidental circumstance of the sojourn here for a single night of George II., and his wife and daughter, that Margate became indebted for the aristocratic patronage with which, at this particular time, it appears to have been first favoured. It certainly is the fact, that just about this period, people of rank and position began to flock here, more for the advantages of sea-bathing than for mere idle pleasure; and considering the kind of accommodation the quality were obliged to put up with, one is not surprised to learn that a tribe of building speculators followed in their wake, under whose auspices a new town was speedily run up, to the south of the old one. Cecil-square—with its capacious and not unhandsome looking Assembly Rooms, fronted, as edifices of this kind usually were, with its row of little milliners' shops, over which a view of the sea might be obtained from the windows of the rooms—Cecil-square was built in 1769, and its neighbour, Hawley-square, a couple of years afterwards. These were for a long period the purely fashionable quarters of the town. In 1772 we find the young Duke of Cumberland located in Cecil-square, with his newly-wedded bride—a Mrs. Horton. It was this *mésalliance* and that of the Duke of Gloucester, at about the same time, which excited the ire of George III., and brought about the passing of the Royal Marriage Act.

At Margate sea-bathing was all the rage, and a prudish member of the Society of Friends—a precursor of the *paterfamilias* of the present day—taking compassion on the “ladies of quality” compelled to exhibit themselves to the vulgar public gaze, set to work, and invented the bathing-machine, as we now have it, and like many another inventor, was ruined for his pains. In these days the more wealthy visitors used to post the seventy-two miles which Margate is distant from the metropolis; others, whose purses were not so well lined, travelled by the Dover stage as far as Canterbury, and posted over from thence by way of Sarre and Birchington, while the seedy beau and the city tradesman, whose wife and daughters were fond of chasing after their betters, would make the trip to the rising watering-place on board a Margate Hoy, a craft which Peter Pindar, in his oft-quoted “Ode,” thus apostrophises:—

“Go, beauteous Hoy, in safety every inch,  
That storms should wreck thee, gracious heaven forbid !  
Whether commanded by brave Captain Finch,  
Or equally tremendous Captain Kidd.  
Go, with thy cargo Margate town amuse,  
And luck preserve thy Gentiles and thy Jews !  
“Soon as thou get'st within the pier,  
All Margate will be out I trow,  
And people rush from far and near,  
As if thou had'st wild beasts to show.”

In what Peter Pindar calls his "Songs of the Hoy" we have some verses supposed to be written on quitting this favourite sea-side place of resort :—

"'Twas in that month that Nature dear,  
With sorrow whimpering drops a tear,  
To find that Winter, with a savage sway,  
Prepares to leave his hall of storms,  
And crush her flowers (delightful forms),  
And banish Summer's poor last lingering ray.

"'Twas in that season when the men of slop,  
The Jew and Gentile, turn towards their shop,  
In alleys dark of London's ample round ;  
From Margate's handsome spot, and Hooper's-hill,  
And Dandelion, where with much good will,  
Of buttered rolls they swallowed many a pound.

"I too, the Bard, from Thanet's pleasant isle,  
Where at a lodging-house I lived in style,  
Prepared with Gentile and with Jew to wander ;  
So packed up all my little odds and ends,  
Took silent leave of all my Margate friends,  
And sought a gallant vessel's great commander ;  
Who proud of empire, ruled with conscious joy  
His wooden kingdom, called a Margate Hoy."

Peter chirps out his note of farewell in the following fashion :—

"Dear Margate, with a tear I quit this isle,  
Where all seem happy—sweethearts, husbands, spouses ;  
On every cheek where pleasure plants a smile,  
And plenty furnishes the people's houses.

"What's Brighton, when to thee compared, poor thing,  
Whose barren hills in mist for ever weep ?  
Or what is Weymouth ; though a queen and king,  
Wash, walk, and prattle there, and wake and sleep ?"

Eighty years ago a traveller to Margate on board one of these hoys observes that on arriving there "it was impossible to land at the pier through the lowness of the tide ; boats, therefore, put off to our relief, for, to say truth, the Margatians are a friendly enough sort of people whenever they get the chance of using a wrecking hook, or of making demands upon a stranger's purse. When the first boat landed the inhabitants poured down in such numbers they could be compared to nothing better than the savages who greeted Cook on his arrival at Otaheite. You could not have a parcel with a single night-cap in it that was not immediately seized upon by some kind hand. The fingers of Briareus could not have held the endless

variety of cards slipped into our hands by bathers, tavern-mongers, lodging-letters, and a whole tribe of *et-ceteras*, with so obliging an air and placid a countenance as made one wish it were possible to employ them all."

"In the year 1800 it was the boast of the inhabitants," says the Kentish historian, Hasted, "that 18,000 passengers landed at Margate pier from the various hoys, or yachts, as they were then beginning to be called." There were some eight or nine of these vessels, varying from 80 to 120 tons burthen, employed during the season, with cabins tolerably well supplied with beds; for, though with a fair wind the voyage might have been made in eight or nine hours, it not unfrequently lasted an entire day and night, occasionally even the best part of a second day, and sometimes as long as three days and nights.

Charles Lamb, in one of his admirable essays, has preserved for us his remembrance of the "Old Margate Hoy." "Not many rich, not many wise or learned composed at that time," he tells us, "the common stowage of a Margate packet. We were, I am afraid, a set of as unseasoned Londoners (let our enemies give it a worse name) as Aldermanbury, or Watling-street, at that time of day could have supplied. There might be an exception or two among us, but I scorn to make any invidious distinctions among such a jolly, companionable ship's company, as those were whom I sailed with.

"Can I forget thee, thou old Margate Hoy, with thy weather-beaten sun-burnt captain, and his rough accommodations—ill exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the modern steam-packet? To the winds and waves thou committedst thy goodly freightage, and didst ask no aid of magic fumes, and spells, and boiling cauldrons. With the gales of heaven thou wentest swimmingly; or, when it was their pleasure, stoodest still with sailor-like patience. Thy course was natural, not forced, as in a hot-bed; nor didst thou go poisoning the breath of ocean with sulphureous smoke—a great sea-chimæra, chimneying and furnacing the deep; or liker to that fire-god parching up Scamander.

"Can I forget thy honest, yet slender crew, with their coy reluctant responses (yet to the suppression of anything like contempt) to the raw questions, which we of the great city would be ever and anon putting to them, as to the uses of this or that strange naval implement? 'Specially can I forget thee, thou happy medium, thou shade of refuge between us and them, conciliating interpreter of their skill to our simplicity, comfortable ambassador between sea and land!—whose sailor-trowsers did not more convincingly assure thee to be an adopted denizen of the former, than thy white cap, and whiter apron over them, with thy neat-fingered practice in thy culinary vocation, bespoke thee to have been of inland nurture heretofore—a master-cook of Eastcheap? How busily didst thou ply thy multifarious occupation, cook, mariner, attendant, chamberlain; here,

there, like another Ariel, flaming at once about all parts of the deck, yet with kindlier ministrations—not to assist the tempest, but, as if touched with a kindred sense of our infirmities, to soothe the qualms which that untried motion might haply raise in our crude land-fancies. And when the o'er-washing billows drove us below deck (for it was far gone in October, and we had stiff and blowing weather) how did thy officious ministerings, still catering for our comfort, with cards and cordials, and thy more cordial conversation, alleviate the closeness and the confinement of thy else (truth to say) not very savoury, nor very inviting, little cabin !”

The first steam-packet that made the passage from London to Margate was named the *Thames*, and according to the local historians, this interesting event came off in the year 1815; but from a letter of Mr. Brunel's it would appear to have occurred in the year preceding. The vessel was propelled by a double-acting marine steam-engine, and on its arrival at Margate the great engineer looked out for accommodation for the night. But to procure this proved to be a more difficult matter than he had anticipated, for the inhabitants were all up in arms against the inventor who threatened to bring about steam communication between their town and the metropolis. So blind were they to the future advantages likely to result to them from the new mode of conveyance, that the landlords of the hotels where Brunel sought a lodging for the night were unanimous in their refusals to provide him with a bed. Many years afterwards, when this distinguished engineer was in the Isle of Thanet laying out a plan for a railway to Ramsgate, he wrote from Margate to a friend as follows:—"To-day, by mere chance, I am at the York Hotel. It was at this same hotel that in 1814 I was refused a bed because I came by a steamer, and every one of the comers met with a very unfriendly reception. If they knew at this moment that I came to carry off the cargoes of the steamers to Ramsgate, I might probably share the same fate."

The largest number of passengers brought by the *Thames*, which was a vessel of 90 tons burthen, on any one passage, was 240: the fares were at this time 15s. and 11s. The *Regent*, the next boat built for the service, was destroyed by fire during its passage to Margate, in 1817. Fortunately, however, no lives were lost. The superiority of the new mode of conveyance so far declared itself, that the steam-packets rapidly superseded the old Margate hoys; and, as a consequence, the number of visitors landing at the pier so largely increased, that they amounted to over 25,000 in the year 1817, and to 50,000 in the year 1825. Fifteen years afterwards they had become almost doubled, and in 1856 they exceeded 135,000. This last number, be it remembered, was entirely independent of the myriads of passengers brought to Margate by railway.

It was somewhere about the year 1830 that Margate finally ceased to be the packet station to Ostend. This might have been a serious blow to the prosperity of the town under other circumstances, but the enormous development of the steamboat traffic with the metropolis, which had the effect of crowding Margate with visitors throughout the season, made it, so to speak, but a light affair. The reader, who can now get to Margate by an express train in less than three hours, will smile, mayhap, over the following half-century-old experiences of the journey thither to catch the Ostend packet, just after the close of the war.

"Formerly," the writer tells us, "it was a work of difficulty, and, indeed, of some danger, to get to Ostend. In my early youth the Ostend packet started from Margate, to which Cockney watering-place you proceeded either by hoy, with the riff-raff of London, laying in their own provisions, which the said raff carried in cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, or by a small-power Margate steamer, which took generally from eight to nine hours to perform the journey. There was also a third way of proceeding, which was neither pleasant nor comfortable. You took the Dover stage to Canterbury, and from that city were carried in what was then called a long coach to Margate. The Dover coach proceeded to Canterbury at the rate of from seven to eight miles an hour; but the Margate stage was almost as slow as the heavy Falmouth van, to which Canning pleasantly made allusion in answering a speech of the late Lord Nugent, on the French invasion of Spain, in 1823. In my boyish days it cost you more than half as much in tips to coachmen and guards to get to Margate as it would cost you now to travel thither in about two hours by an express train. A gentleman in those expensive days never gave less than half-a-crown to a tip-top whip, and generally as much to the guard, who had charge of the luggage, and took care also of those who were fond of 'cakes and ale.'

"Arrived at Margate at dinner-time, you spent the night at Wright's York Hotel, and early on the following morning embarked for Ostend. The fare at Wright's was in those days capital. His turtle soup, though not comparable to that of the 'Old Bush,' at Bristol (now extinct), or the 'Waterloo,' at Liverpool, was still very good indeed, and not dearer than elsewhere. His haunches of venison, procured from the neighbouring park of Mr. Powell, of Quex, were first-rate; and there was a cook in the house who could serve up a hash of the same haunch capable of 'creating a soul under the ribs of death.' The dessert used to be worthy of the dinner. In this instant month of September, the Spanish *Bon Chrétien* pears were superlatively sweet and succulent; and the Kent filberts, as most of us know, like the Kent cherries, are not to be matched on the Continent. For fish the market of Margate has been long celebrated. Nuttier haddocks or firmer are not taken in Dublin bay, or any part of the

Scottish coast, and there are no such chicken turbot and brills found on the Irish or Scottish coast as the Margate hovellers catch off the Dutch coast and Dogger Bank. So that, if you suffered in the olden time from your journey to the Cockney watering-place, you at least found compensation and comfort on reaching your destination."

There are a few remaining memorabilia in connexion with this popular watering-place, which we must not omit to chronicle; the first is the tremendous gale on New Year's Day, 1779, when Margate Roads and the Queen's Channel were crowded with shipping, and several vessels were driven on shore and wrecked, while others were brought safely into harbour by the Margate boatmen. The *York East Indiaman*, on her homeward-bound voyage, was at anchor in the Queen's Channel, and during the height of the gale her cables gave way, and she was driven over Margate sand right up to the back of the pier, on which her passengers and crew were landed. In remembrance of this remarkable occurrence, a marble tablet with a suitable inscription was placed on the pier, opposite the spot where the ship stranded. This memento was, however, washed away during the dreadful storm which occurred some thirty years afterwards.

In the year 1798—the famous year of the Battle of the Nile—some men on the look-out from Margate fort observed a French privateer bear down upon and capture a couple of brigs laden with corn, that were leisurely beating up channel, unconscious of their impending danger. Captain William Cobb, of the Margate sea-fencibles, immediately ordered three luggers to be manned, with which he set off in pursuit, and succeeded in recapturing the brigs, which, with their prize-masters on board, he brought triumphantly into port. In 1803, a large East Indiaman, the *Hindustan*, was wrecked on Margate Sands; when the *Nelson* lugger put off to her assistance, and succeeded in saving 127 of her crew; for which act of gallantry the boatmen who manned the lugger were presented with a donation of 500 guineas by the East India Company: and five years subsequently, another East Indiaman, the *Walpole*, was wrecked off the New Grate, eastward of the town. On December 7, 1805, the *Victory*, with the body of Nelson on board, anchored off Margate, whence the remains of the gallant hero were conveyed to Greenwich Hospital, there to lie in state, preparatory to his public funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral.

On the night of the 14th of January, 1808, Margate was visited by a tremendous storm, which made a considerable breach in the pier, threw down a portion of its parapet, and disjoined much of the massive masonry with which the wooden structure had been cased. The sentinel appointed to keep guard over the powder-magazine at the end of the pier, and who ought to have been relieved in the course of the night, was found the

next morning lashed to one of the cranes, in an almost exhausted condition, he having gallantly determined, spite of the elements, to remain at his post. During this terrible night, part of the Parade, the Bathing-rooms, and the King's Head tavern were destroyed; and the houses in Hazardous-row, together with Garner's library, were considerably damaged.

The latest event in the history of the town that we have to take note of is, the anchoring here of the Royal Squadron with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark on board, on the night of the 6th of March, 1863. Next day the Mayor of Margate rose betimes and summoned a hasty meeting of the Corporation, who agreed upon an address to the Princess, which the mayor, accompanied by a deputation, hurried on board the royal yacht to present.

Lewis, writing in 1723, observes that the Margate men "are generally reputed excellent sailors, and shew themselves very dextrous and bold in going off to ships in distress. It's a thousand pities that they are so apt to pilfer stranded ships, and abuse those who have already suffered so much. This they themselves call by the proper name of *Paultring*, since nothing sure can be more vile and base, than under pretence of assisting the distressed masters, and saving theirs and the merchants' goods, to convert them to their own use, by making what they call *guile shares*."

The historian of Thanet makes no mention whatever of the smuggling propensities of his parishioners, yet there can be no question but that defrauding the revenue was an equally favourite and equally profitable occupation with them as wrecking, or "paultring," as they seem to have preferred to call it.

In a guide book, published not very many years since, we are informed that it was then "no unusual circumstance for men to row a boat, heavily laden, from Calais, to the shore opposite (Margate or Birchington), and, if prevented from landing the cargo, to row back again to the point of departure. Extremely fast, but slightly-built boats, manned with twenty oars, and a very light linen sail, called centipedes, are employed in the trade. These frail vessels, scarcely sea-worthy and unable to contend with an adverse wind, generally make the passage across the channel in two hours: the cargo on the average amounting in value to £3,000. When the goods are to be landed on the open shore, a dark night is selected, and one of the confederates is provided with a lantern, in which a long tube is fixed, similar to the case of a telescope. The light in the lantern, termed a 'pointer,' is visible only at a considerable distance from the shore, and in right lines from the aperture of the tube. A number of blackened hempen lines, several fathoms long, are held by confederates, who form a large circle round the 'pointer,' and with which they all communicate, as to a common centre. When any individual of suspicious appearance approaches, the

line is pulled, and the light hidden from the boat's crew, who suspend their operations until the stranger has departed, and the alarm produced by his inopportune appearance has subsided.

"A more secure way of defrauding the revenue was devised between twenty and thirty years back, and for some time practised with great success. If the reader will take the trouble to examine the cavern in the cliff next the Clifton Baths, on the west side of that establishment, he will discover, at about twenty feet from the base of the cliff, a tunnel perforated in the solid chalk. Its history is as follows:—An enterprising man suggested the idea of forming a communication between a cottage at the back of the Crown and Anchor tavern, Margate, and the cliff, at or near the Clifton Baths. The idea was put into execution. Six men were employed in constructing the tunnel, and two years were occupied in its completion, at the expense of about £600. The greatest difficulty experienced by the excavators was in keeping the lamps and candles alight; wax lights and spirits of wine were tried without effect. At last, compelled to bore through the surface every six feet to obtain air, a large jointed auger was constructed by a blacksmith at Manston for that purpose, and among other ludicrous incidents attending their labours, they bored into the kitchen of a custom-house officer, whose residence was in their line of operation, and whose family were repeatedly alarmed by noises, inexplicable till long afterwards. The chalk brought up by the operation was buried during the night in deep trenches in the garden of the cottage, and spread on a road then making near the Clifton Baths. Aided by a compass, the excavators found their way to the cavern best suited for their designs, where the aperture still remains, a testimonial of ill-directed enterprise and ingenuity. When completed, the scheme was found eminently practicable, and answered every purpose of the projector, until the jealousy of a confederate revealed the secret to the government."





MARGATE PIER FROM THE FORT.

#### IV.

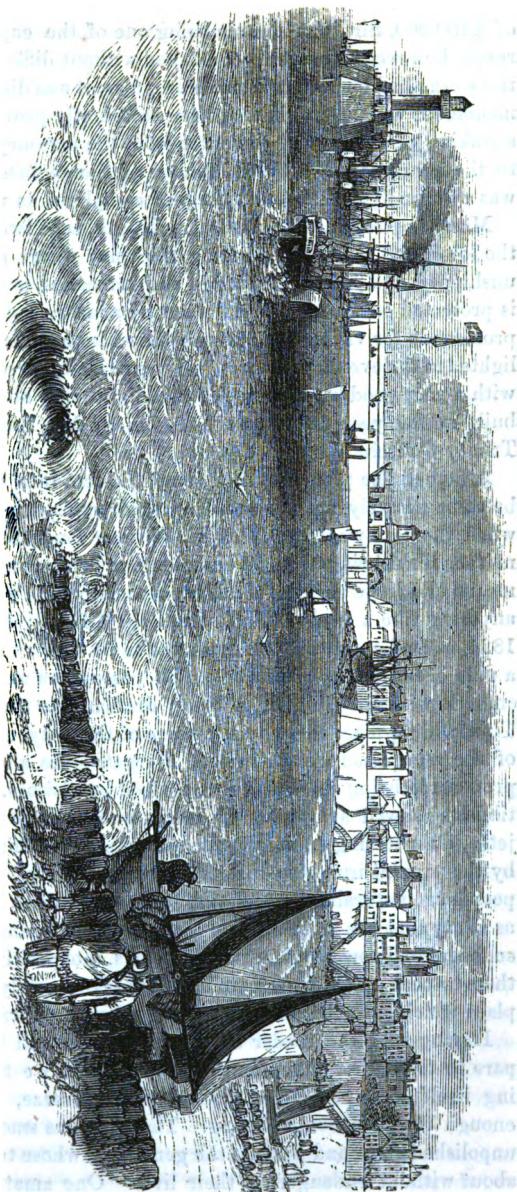
#### THE PIER AND THE JETTY—THE SAILING YACHTS—ARRIVAL OF THE SUNDAY EXCURSION BOAT.

ALL that old John Leland, one of the earliest, if not the earliest of our topographical writers—who made the tour of England in the reign of Henry VIII., by whom he was dubbed “Royal Antiquary”—could find to say about Margate, in his famous “Itinerary,” is this:—“Meregate lyith in St. John’s parochie in Thanet v myles upward from Reculver; there is a village and a peere for shyppes now sore decayed.” This was the state of Margate

pier in the year 1527, nevertheless, for upwards of two centuries and-a-half the shaky old structure was patched up and repaired, its rotten timbers replaced by sound ones, and the damage done by frequent storms made good after a fashion. At length in 1787 a new pier was built, and twelve years afterwards a plan was set on foot to case it over with stone, in emulation, we suppose, of the neighbouring magnificent pier at Ramsgate, then on the eve of completion. The plan seems to have been adopted, and all went well enough until a certain stormy winter’s night, in January, 1808, when the tremendous gale which swept the channel carried away nearly one-third of the pier, besides

doing an enormous amount of other damage. In this dilemma the Margate people proved themselves equal to the occasion. After having first of all restrained the sea within its ancient limits, they proceeded to petition Parliament, who voted a grant of £5000 towards repairing the damage which the pier had sustained, but £5000, it was found, would only go but a very small way towards pottering up the impaired structure, so an act was obtained providing for the building of a new pier, and about a couple of years after the partial destruction of the old one the first stone of the present pier was laid. In something like five years the works were duly completed at the cost

MARGATE PIER AND HARBOUR.



of £100,000, Sir John Rennie being one of the engineers engaged. This result, however, was not accomplished without difficulties arising, for, after the works had made considerable progress, it was discovered that the super-incumbent weight, not having been sufficiently provided for, had produced a sinking of 400 feet of the outer wall, the masonry of which had yielded to the pressure. By the skilfulness of the engineers engaged this defect was eventually rectified, and the pier completed as we now see it.

Margate pier, which is 900 feet in length, is of two different elevations—the lower and inner one forming the quay where goods are shipped and unshipped, and passengers landed and embarked, and the upper one, which is protected on the side next the sea by a massive stone parapet, forming a promenade for visitors. This is sheltered in the summer by an awning, and lighted in the evening with gas, and is provided, moreover, during the season, with a very good band of music. The lighthouse at the end of the pier was built in the year 1829, from a design by Mr. Edmunds, the architect of Trinity Church.

Although the pier stretches some 900 feet into the sea it was found to be comparatively useless as a landing or embarking place for passengers when the tide was out. People, however fond they might be of the sea, neither liked being brought on shore nor being conveyed on board ship by means of a little cockle-shell boat, especially, too, when there chanced to be anything like a swell on. To meet the difficulty the pier proprietors, in 1824, caused a timber landing-stage to be constructed, about a quarter of a mile in length, by means of which passengers were enabled to land and embark without the risk of being drenched to the skin with sea water. This landing-place went by the name of the jetty, and it was for years one of the recognised institutions of Margate—the advantages it offered as a promenade being universally recognised by visitors. In course of time its timbers showed symptoms of decay, and in 1856 the famous old wooden jetty, after having done duty for something like thirty years, was replaced by the present iron structure (1220 feet in length), of which the Margate people are naturally somewhat proud—indeed one local guide goes so far as to say that the mere sight of a coloured engraving of said jetty has been sufficient to throw people, in distant parts, into positive raptures, and caused them to pack up their portmanteaus and take an early train to the watering-place which is fortunate enough to boast such an irresistible attraction.

Having told the reader all about the pier and the jetty, we now prepare to take a few turns on the latter, where we find half Margate cooling itself and pretending to enjoy the breeze, which is only strong enough to lift a bonnet-string. The sea is as smooth as a large sheet of unpolished glass, and permits the gentlemen whose tastes are aquatic to row about without endangering their lives. One amateur boatman is playing

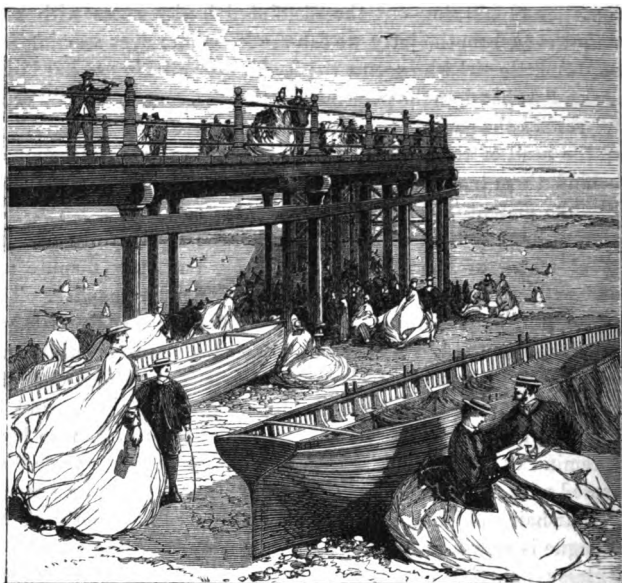
on a cornet, and blowing out the disjointed husky notes with so much energy that even from the jetty we can see his white eyes starting from his red face. A little girl who seems to pity him for working so hard on so hot a day, asks, "What does the poor man do that for, mamma?" "Perhaps he likes it," replies the parent, in a tone as much as to say, "I don't."

From the head of the jetty we see steamboats in every direction, which leave behind them long trails of smoke, that rise in the air like net-work, and look like distant hills. Some young gentlemen near us, with turn-down shirt-collars, smooth and round as enamel, are betting penn'orths of nuts about which of the boats is the *Ruby*, and they dispute a great deal, and call each other "liars" in quite a friendly manner. The sun looks white hot, as if a furnace door had been opened, and the sky is dull and like blue steel. We expect to see the parasols crinkle up like bladders on a fire; and we feel particularly anxious about one old lady, whose big spectacles might, we fear, act like magnifying glasses, and, focussing the rays, fry her eyes. Two ladies with sandy hair, who have just passed, remind us of the red clay percolating bottles, for they are sunburnt and covered with dew. You could not have taken off your hat without finding your hair suddenly curled; and we observe an elderly gentleman whose tongue is slowly protruding as if rabies were setting in, who is rubbing a glassy bald head with a silk handkerchief, as if he were trying to convert it into an electric pole.

Everybody is languid and tetchy, and, as a consequence, the children are scolded for the slightest thing. A young gentleman who is clinging to the railings, with his tendril legs twisting like fleshy corkscrews, when told by mamma that she will never bring him out again, perty answers, "Then I'll play with the lucifer matches."

Some of the children bother the authors of their being by pestering them with the most extraordinary questions in natural history and theology. A vulgar child with grubby knees, who has been sucking its hair, inquires of her hot papa, who is slowly turning into moisture, like whitebait, "Is there many fish in the sea?" Papa replies, "Ever sich a lot." The innocent then asks where the big ones go to; and is answered, "Out yonder," in a northerly direction. The next inquiry is, "Why they never showed themselves," and the response, "Because they're afraid of being catched." Another infant asks his nurse "Who made the sea?" and gets, of course, the proper answer. He then requests to be informed "Why it was allowed to drownnd people?" and as the servant-girl couldn't tell him, she calls him a wicked child, gives him a slap, and threatens to tell his mamma of his goings-on when they reach home.

On Sunday afternoons the jetty is crowded with people to see the London excursion boats come in, and some of the ladies whose husbands have



MARGATE JETTY.

disappointed them on the Saturday are out to see if they will be more fortunate that afternoon. One mamma, in a gorgeous claret velvet mantle trimmed with black lace, remarks to her friend "that if Mr. Chase disappointed her again that day it would be very inconvenient," which means, of course, that Mr. Chase hadn't sent her any money, and they were bothering her at the lodgings.

As the first Sunday steamer comes alongside of the jetty we make towards the landing-place, in order that we may witness the affectionate meetings of the truant papas with the disappointed mammas. On reaching the platform, we find that the ladies have all rushed to the sides; so we gaze in rapture upon the bright forms ranged against the railings, like flowers around a dancing-room, and for five minutes study the different backs and shoulders presented to our view. Some are stout, round, and soft-looking as sacks of flour; some are thin, flat, and kite-shaped, with dresses as tight as the bladder on the top of a pot of jam; others have the shoulder-blades sticking out, like the hip bones of a thin horse; and all are in the exact attitude required for a game at leap-frog. But our sympathy is mostly excited for a very lovely creature with a skin as fine as a dessert-plate, who every now and then raises herself on her toes, showing

a couple of small feet that attract our eyes as points do electricity. Her little brother—an agreeable and plump child in Highland costume—keeps asking her if she sees Charley, and then her white neck stretches out like a pigeon's. Presently her lace mantle becomes violently agitated and likely to be torn, as she in recognition shakes a hand small enough for the dial of a watch. Her agitation is too great for



THE YOUNG LADY WHO EXPECTED  
CHARLES.



CHARLES'S GRACEFUL AGITATION ON  
FINDING HIMSELF RECOGNISED.

her to be a sister, and we rush to the side to see this puppy of the Charles breed, who, we find, has struck an attitude of patronizing affection, and waves a handkerchief with a violet border.

The gentlemen who come down by these boats are very fond of wearing net ties and shiny oil-cloth hats, which, with their dirty white gloves, give them the appearance of full-dress sailors, and of course impresses everybody with the idea that they keep yachts. We are sorry to find that most of the ladies are not dressed with that care and elegance which produces a thrill in an unmarried man. When a slight shower of rain came

on, it hurt our feelings to see gowns turned up over the bonnets, displaying to our startled eyes a mouse-coloured lining, and we sighed when the pea-green, brimstone, dove-coloured, and other mantles were shifted to the wrong side outwards, exhibiting frayed interiors, with cotton wool sticking out at the slits. But the visitors by the Sunday steamers had been numerous, and the toilettes, although *distingué*, were some of them considerably worn.

We notice two boats circling towards the landing-place, and we hurry to have a look at their cargo. They are crammed to half-way up the masts; a black mass, piled up like tea in a grocer's window, making the boat lean on one side with the weight. "Dear me!" remarks an elegant young lady, "I never see such riff-raff!" and a sweet babe who declares it sees papa among the passengers, gets a thump on its back that makes its tongue shoot out for daring to suppose its father was among such company.

As the fresh comers ascend the stairs of the landing-place, the youths of Margate begin to "chaff" them, telling one who has a cold-tea countenance, that "he looks uncommonly nice after his trip," and assuring an elderly lady, in a richly-printed Indian shawl, that "her young man has been asking after her." These witticisms seem to make everybody merry and good-tempered, except those who happen to be the objects of them.

About the middle of June the bettermost of the Margate sailing luggers, which have done plenty of rough work during the past winter off the Margate sands and the Goodwins, and the Brake shoal, and the Woolpack Sand, come out in holiday trim with decks and cushioned seats, and any amount of fresh paint, and with immense stores of pale ale and bottled stout. Every day at the hours of 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. they start from the jetty for a two hours' sail, either to Ramsgate or to Herne Bay, or round the Goodwin Sands, fare one shilling, and generally manage to secure a considerable freight. There is always plenty of fun and laughter at the outset of the trip, and when the weather is fine the luggers will return to port notifying no casualties of any kind on board; but only let a bit of a gale spring, up and how the Margate living seems to disagree with the unfortunate excursionists, and what a dreary spectacle they present when the lugger hauls alongside the jetty.



## V.

### MARGATE CHURCHES, OLD AND NEW—THE FORT AND THE SANDS—THE THEATRE AND THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS—THE TOWN HALL AND MARKET —THE VORTIGERN CAVES AND THE GROTTO.

MARGATE old church stands on rising ground at the further end of the High-street, and on the south-east side of the town, and in, perhaps, the poorest quarter of it. Built of flints roughly cast over, and with long low leaden roofs, its exterior is singularly unpicturesque; and inside the building there is nothing to attract the attention of the archæologist beyond its antique font and half-a-dozen or more memorial brasses, in a tolerably fair state of preservation. These, with a few monuments and some modern stained glass windows, comprise all that the interior can boast of. At the west end of the centre aisle, raised on a stone pedestal, stands the font, octagonal in form, perpendicular in style, and carved on its various sides with the arms of England, and the arms of England quartered with those of France, and having the Tudor rose displayed on alternate compartments. The oldest brass in the centre aisle is that to John Parker and his wife, dated A.D. 1441. In the same aisle is the engraved figure of a skeleton with an inscription referring to one Richard Notfield, who died in 1446; and in the high chancel may be seen the portraiture in brass of Thomas Cardiff—clad in his cope and chasuble and alb, and wearing the maniple under his left arm—with an inscription setting forth that he was vicar of this church for fifty-five years, and died in the year 1515. In the north chancel are the engraved effigies of John Daundelyon, the last male representative of his race, with the date 1445 forming part of the inscription. This must have been the Daundelyon who presented the church with its famous tenor bell, inscribed—

“Daundeleon, H. † S. Trinitate sacra sit hæc campana beata,”

and concerning which the following traditionary doggerel rhyme was current among the townspeople rather more than a century ago:—

“John Daundeleon with his great Dog,  
Brought over this Bell on a mill-cog.”

“Dog” in this case, according to certain learned authorities, meaning “ship,” though why if ship were meant the word “dog” was used, the said learned authorities say not.



In the same chancel are the effigies of Peter Stone, who, it will be noticed, wears an anelace at his girdle—a kind of knife or dagger, which it was forbidden priests to wear—and who appears to have died in the year 1442. In the south or opposite chancel is the oldest brass in the church, dated 1431, representing one Nicholas Canteys, in the habit which he ordinarily wore when in the flesh. He, too, has an anelace hanging at his girdle. Chaucer writes—

“An anelace and a gipciere all of silk,  
Hung at his girdle white as morwe [morning] milk.”

There are several other monuments in the south chancel—one a marble tablet to the gallant Sir Thomas Staines, K.C.B., who lived for some time at Dentdelion, and died in the year 1830. Another, a recumbent figure of Henry Crisp, second son to John Crisp, of Cleve Court, and related to the Crisps of Quex (of whom we shall have something to say in a subsequent chapter), holding a skull in his right hand. A third is an arcaded monument of the Jacobean period, with the figures of Paul Cleybroke of Nash Court, and Mary, his “vertuous and right well beloved wife, who, living long time together most lovinglie, overlived each other but a short time, and are here interred beneath.” Husband and wife kneel opposite to each other at a *prie dieu*—he with the peaked beard, and moustaches and plate armour, and baggy “continuations” of the period; she in her hood, and ruff, and flowing robe and stomacher. The tilting helmet of Paul Cleybroke will be noticed hanging against the chancel wall almost immediately opposite his monument.

The east window of Margate Church, with its twelve tableaux, depicting well-known incidents from the New Testament, and the west window comprising figures of the four Evangelists—both very fair examples of modern stained glass—are from the designs of Mr. Caveler. They appear to have been the generous gift of merely some half-dozen individuals.

It was from the high altar of St. John's Church, on the Saturday following the feast of Corpus Christi, A.D. 1381, and—to quote the precise words of the jury presentments of the time, those real existing records, and the only ones, of the great rebellion headed by Wat Tyler—“by commission of John Rakestraw and Watte Tegheler (Tyler),” that William the officiating chaplain, assisted by John Taylor, sacristan, and John Bocher, clerk, “made proclamation against the peace of our lord the king, and compelled a levy of the country there to the number of two hundred men, and made them, under penalty of death and forfeiture of goods and chattels, go to the house of William de Medenham, at Manston, when they feloniously broke open the gates, doors, chambers, and chests of the said

William, and carried away his goods and chattels to the value of twenty marks, and took and feloniously burnt the rolls touching the crown of our lord the king, and the rolls of the office of Receiver of Green Wax for the county of Kent." In another presentment which describes Bocher as "a tailor of Thanet," he is further charged with having on the same day "gone with force of arms to the house of John Wynnepeny, in Canterbury, and feloniously compelled him to pay a ransom of thirty-two shillings." Beyond the foregoing history is silent, so that we are left in the dark as to whether the daring Thanet tailor suffered for his crimes, or was left at liberty to ply his needle and his shears for the benefit of the bumpkins of the island.

One Ethelred Barrowe by her will, dated 1513, appears to have given certain money from the sale of her tenement and land at Horne, for the repair of the north chancel of Margate Church, then known as St. James's chancel. She must have been a jolly sort of dame, for she likewise instituted a yearly give-all of cakes and ale, which came off regularly every St. James's day, at East-Northdown, and for aught we know may flourish still. The language of the old lady's will is quaint and to the purpose:—"I wull that William Curling shall bie my principall tenement and xxv acres of lond, payinge therefore xv marke of lawfull money of Yngland, the money thereof commynge I wull have an honest priest to sing one quarter of one yere for my soule, and all cristen soules in the church of St. John's immediately after my decesse. *Item*, I wull that William Curling shall keep me sufficiently as I ought to be kept. *Item*, I wull that William Curling shall maynten a yerely give-all whyle the world endureth, that is to say, every yere a quarter of malte and vi bushells of whete and vitell according thereto."

Trinity Church stands at the back of the fort, and from the commanding position which it occupies can be readily seen from any quarter of the town. Its tower, 135 feet in height, forms an admirable sea mark; and towards its erection the Trinity House are said to have liberally contributed. Mr. Edmunds, a native of Margate, was the architect of the church, which was completed in the year 1828, at a cost, we are told, of nearly £30,000. The style is what is commonly known as pointed Gothic; it is more in accordance, however, with the modern Wyatville than the ancient Edward III. type. The handsome stained glass windows are the work of Mr. Collins.

The Fort, from its fine breezy situation, its commanding view of the Channel, and the attractions which it offers as a promenade, is, without question, the most preferable quarter of the town, and here the bettermost sort of visitors generally locate themselves. It is reached from the pier

and the jetty, up a long flight of steps terminating in a steep ascent—past toy booths, photographic portrait rooms, camera obscuras, and such like watering-place accessories. The fort retains its original name, though nothing of its ancient warlike character excepting a solitary piece of ordnance—placed there, however, for show and not for use—in the shape of a Russian gun and carriage. This gun stands a few feet from the edge of the cliff, with the following inscription on the stone slab on which it quietly reposes:—"A trophy from Sebastopol. Presented to the Borough of Margate by the Secretary-at-War, 1858."

In the old war times there was a large and deep ditch on the side of the fort next the town, and towards the east a strong gate, which was kept locked to preserve the ordnance, arms, and ammunition here stored away. "For here were two brass guns which the parish bought and repaired at their own charge. Here was likewise a watch-house in which men watched with the parishes arms provided for the purpose. In war time this place is still made use of; a gunner is appointed by the government with a salary of 20*l. per ann.* and a flag-staff erected to hoist a flag upon occasion. There are likewise sent hither from the Tower 10 or 12 pieces of ordnance, carriages, &c., with ammunition for them. This provision is not only a safeguard to the town, but a great means of preserving merchants ships, going round the North Foreland into the Downes, from the enemies privateers which often lurk thereabouts to snap up ships sailing that way, which cannot see them behind the land. But as these lurking thieves lie open to the places on the other side of the Foreland, particularly Broadstairs, an account of them is sent to the gunner of this fort or platform, who gives notice to the ships, sailing that way, of their danger, by hoisting a flag and firing a gun."

But it was not merely the enemy's privateers that those who dared the perils of the ocean in these troublous times had reason to be alarmed at, for in the Annual Register for 1759, we find an account of two gentlemen, passengers from Holland, landing at Margate, and affirming that the vessel they crossed over in had been boarded the previous evening, in sight of the North Foreland, by an English privateer cutter, the crew of which were in disguise. After confining the captain and crew of the boarded vessel in the cabin, they proceeded to plunder it of goods to the value of a couple of thousand pounds, then took from the passengers all the money they could find upon them, and wished them "*bon voyage*."

A tunnel excavated through the solid chalk leads from the fort to the sands below. The tide being out the sands are crowded with a motley assemblage, among whom we proceed to pick our way. One of the first individuals we encounter is the man with the parrot, who always warrants

the bird to speak like a Christian, and wouldn't take less than three pounds for it, if you were to put the money down then and there. He says he couldn't. He is also very willing to enter into a full account of his past life, and how he came by the bird. You are told he is a second mate, and has to join his ship in two days. He pretends he wouldn't sell the bird for ten pounds if he wasn't short of money. He handles the bird as boldly as if it were a dead chicken, and has the impudence to request you to follow his example, although the creature has the beak of an eagle. He appeals to "her," and where was the woman yet who couldn't love a parrot? He follows you home, and that evening, 'tween lights, he calls, and sends word in by the servant that he has lowered his price five shillings. With an impudence which, properly applied, would lead to a fortune, he forces his way into the room, carrying a huge bundle at his back. Whether you like it or not, he opens the bundle to show the lady a few silk dresses and French goods, which he can warrant to be genuine, he remarks, with a wink, because he smuggled them to England with him in his own ship. He vows he will sell at any price, for he must get rid of them somehow, having to join his ship. Then he holds up a limp lack-lustre silk, and asks a price which would be considered an insult at Waterloo House. If you refuse the dress, he has slippers; if you decline these, he has eau-de-Cologne; if you dislike scent, he has laces, aprons, artificial flowers, gold-fish, Genoa velvet, canaries, or worked collars. He occasionally manages to sell ten shillings' worth of trash, and evidently allows the ship he ought to have joined to sail without him, for he never leaves this part of the coast until the season is over.

As a matter of course, that section of the animal creation, known as the "fair sex," musters in great force on the sands, which, at low water, secures the preference as a lounging place over both the pier and the jetty. Some, selecting a shady spot under an angle of the cliff or the gunwale of a boat, soon become absorbed in the plot of the last new sensation novel—among young ladies at the sea-side, novels and shrimps are said to be the main articles of consumption; others pretend to be busy with some kind of needlework; many seem to consider chatting, laughing, and flirting as pleasant enough ways of passing the time; while a few, who are enthusiastic students of "Common Objects of the Seashore," are engaged in searching for specimens, which, when found, there are plenty of willing slaves to carry home for them.

There are crowds of boys scattered over the sands, sons and heirs of Margate visitors, who are doing their customary month or six weeks at the sea-side, preparatory to their return to the distasteful discipline of Mr. Whackem's Classical and Commercial Academy. Tweed shooting-coats and straw hats with blue ribbons appear to be thought the correct thing



SENTIMENT AND SEAWEED.

by these young gentlemen. If one of them were sent out in a jacket he would, as a matter of course, feel ashamed of himself, and complain bitterly that he hadn't a coat like the rest of his companions. He would then



learn the price of the envied garment at the tailor's in the High-street, and would try to give up eating his dinner until his frightened mamma consented to humour him. We remember an experiment being tried to get a youth of our acquaintance to wear out an old black hat at the sea-side, but it proved a failure; for the wind blew it into the sea the very first afternoon, and a bran-new straw one had to be bought in place of it.

These young fellows are perfectly free and easy in their manners and conversation. Betting seems to be their chief weakness. They are always betting that they can "chuck," or jump, or hop, farther than anybody else. Their faces are open as park-gates; they could more easily keep a shilling than a secret. Their passions, too, seem to hang on a hair balance, for one moment they are laughing, and the next their features are convulsed with rage, though it would puzzle anyone to say why.

Three or four boys are gathered round a big tarpaulin boatman, who is startling his audience by extensive bragging about the number of lives he has saved from wrecks. We hear him say, "I did not get much by that job. Well, it don't matter much—we shall all die happy, I suppose." One lad with very wet trousers, and with the skin peeling off his face, asks, "If a ship went ashore here, wouldn't the Coast Guard have to go out? They're good men, some of them, I should think." The boatman, sticking up for his own class and being jealous of the Coast Guard, answers gruffly, "Not better than us." Another little fellow, who has been listening all the while with open mouth, now asks the man, "Do you belong to the life-boat? Do you go out in storms?" The answer is rather indefinite, but perfectly safe, "Yes, if I like," replies he. He is a fat man and wouldn't very often "like," we should say.

Some little distance off, a boatman in a blue jersey has been asking a young gentleman for some beer, and has met with a refusal. A dispute ensues; high words are exchanged, and a troop of boys rush off to see, as they say, "what the row is all about." The young fellow looks fearless as a lion, and faces the big, tough-looking boatman as if he wouldn't mind fighting him if it came to the worst. "My good fellow!" says he, "I don't mind what you say; all you chaps are alike—can't say a word to one of you without being asked for beer." To try and shame the money out of him, the boatman replies, "I'll bet you a shilling to a penny you've got no money in your pocket." But the little lion does not care for the taunt, and answers proudly, "My good fellow, that's my business—besides, I should not take your money if I won the bet."

Nurses with flocks of young children are dotted about the sands, and some of the rudest among the boys find amusement in throwing stones against their crinolines, which sound like a drum whenever they happen to be struck. If nurse should threaten, "I'll tell your mamma, Master Charles," she is only laughed at by the young rogues, and more stones are, as a matter of course, thrown. One of these stones evidently hurt the poor girl at whom it was flung; whereupon, the heart of her tormentor softened, and he ran up to her, put one arm around her waist, and stroked her cheek with the other hand, the young hypocrite, saying meanwhile, "Oh, I didn't mean to do it! I didn't mean to hurt you! Never mind this time, Mary dear!"

At the north-east end of Hawley-square stands the Theatre Royal; which the local guide-books discreetly enough describe to be "a neat and unadorned brick building." As to its want of adornment there can be no possible question; but we cannot say that we were particularly impressed by its neatness—indeed, we thought the façade, with its three small windows and one small door, and with its little lean-to building where Bath

and reclining chairs are to be let, about as ugly as anything we ever saw in bricks and mortar. The guide-books are unanimous in describing the interior of the theatre as being fitted up "in a chaste and pleasing style," while one writer, carried away by a pardonable enthusiasm, goes so far as to say, not only that "novelties of an attractive nature are here brought before the public with care and discrimination," but that "some of the brightest stars of the dramatic hemisphere have fretted their hour on these boards, and some of the brightest geniuses that ever adorned the English stage have made their *début* in a Margate theatre." Other writers, more reticent than the foregoing, avoid saying anything about the performances, and content themselves by mentioning that "the theatre possesses a complete wardrobe," and that "its scenery is painted in a bold and masterly manner."

The Assembly Rooms on the south-side of Cecil-square are by far the most pretentious looking of all the Margate public buildings. The principal front, supported by a series of coupled Doric columns, which form a kind of colonnade, presents a bold and characteristic elevation. There is a real, aristocratic look about its capacious windows, and its stone facings, and the rich red tones of the brickwork of the surrounding houses, many of which are tall and stylish-looking, while all have a well-to-do air about them. Standing in the midst of this square, surrounded by these century old associations, one can hardly refrain from calling up certain visions of

"The tea cup times of hood and hoop,  
When paint and patch were worn,"

and peopling the space around us with the forms of our great grandfathers and grandmothers; the former in embroidered suits, ruffles, three-cornered cocked-hats, and perriwigs, with swords swinging by their sides; the latter, either caged in hoops, with brocaded skirts, furbelows, and high-heeled shoes, or else trailing trains of taffeta after them—their hair frizzled and powdered, or piled up in pyramidal fashion, and their faces covered with paint and dotted over with little black patches. It is either a ball or promenade night at the Assembly Rooms opposite, and thither our respected relatives are crowding—

"A thousand feet rustled on mats,  
A carpet that once had been green;  
Men bowed with their outlandish hats,  
With corners so fearfully keen.  
Fair maids who at home in their haste,  
Had left all clothing else but a train,  
Swept the floor clean as slowly they paced,  
And then—walked round and swept it again."

Card tables were laid out on promenade nights in the centre of the rooms



through which the company sauntered, laughing, chatting, flirting, and ogling by turns. The players on these occasions were numerous and the play was high. The author of the *Court Gamester*, who ought to be an authority on such a subject, tells us that "gaming had now become so much the fashion that he who in company should be ignorant of the games in vogue would be reckoned low bred." Cards were in fact the one great resource for killing time among the quality. "Books! prithee! don't talk to me about books," exclaimed the old Duchess of Marlborough, "the only books I know are men and cards," and many an old dowager in those fast days and not a few young misses, might with perfect truth have echoed Sarah Jennings's exclamation.

The etiquette of the Assembly Rooms was enforced by a code of rules, administered with an inflexibility which would have excited the admiration of even those ancient Medes and Persians whose laws, as we all know, underwent no change. If at the commencement of the present century there was an improvement over the morals of the preceding one, as much cannot, we are afraid, be said with reference to manners. We are therefore not surprised to find the following regulations in vogue at the Assembly Rooms some fifty or sixty years ago.

"No lady to be admitted to the ball-room in a riding-habit; no gentleman with a sword, or wearing boots or coloured pantaloons."

*Mem.*—Beau Nash, when country squires entered the ball-room at Bath with their boots on, used to try and shame them by asking them whether they had forgotten to bring their horses as well.

"That all ladies having gone down a dance do continue in their places until the rest have done the same.

"N.B.—As a deviation from this rule gives universal offence, the M.C. will pay the utmost attention possible to its strict observance.

"That ladies, whether of precedence or not, do take their places at the bottom after a country dance has begun.

~~§~~ The M.C. intreats those ladies and gentlemen whom he has not the honour of knowing personally to afford him an early opportunity of being introduced to them, as it will not only in a certain degree be a means of preventing improper company from coming to the Rooms, but will enable him to pay every individual that attention which it is not less his inclination than his duty to observe."

In spite of the despotic power exercised by the M. C. within the bounds of his little territory, disputes would occasionally arise among even this well-regulated company. Of this we have an instance on record where Mr. Stephens, a young man of 20, son of the then Secretary of the Admiralty, got to high words with a Mr. Anderson, a London solicitor, respecting the closing of one of the windows of the Assembly Rooms, the result of which,

was a challenge and a duel at Kingsgate the following day, when poor young Stephens received his adversary's ball in the jugular vein and, as a matter of course, speedily bled to death. He was buried in the churchyard of Margate old church, where a plain slab placed over his grave may at this day be seen. The above unfortunate affair happened in the year 1789.

Among by-gone notabilities who in their day trod the floor of these rooms the name of one has been preserved to us in Walpole's letters. This is no less an individual than Charles James Fox, whose father, Lord Holland, lived at Kingsgate close by. Most of us know the story of how Fox was duped by an impostor styling herself the Hon. Mrs. Grieve, who promised to introduce him to an heiress, one Miss Phipps, a West Indian, with a fortune of £150,000. Fox was mad to meet the lady and marry her right off so as to clear himself from his debts, but Mrs. Grieve put him off with endless excuses. At one time the heiress had not landed, at another she had the small-pox—then she did not like a dark man, whereupon Fox powdered his eyebrows and toned down his swarthy complexion, *à la* Madame Rachel, and made himself "beautiful for ever." When a thousand Jews thought he had gone to Kingsgate to try and persuade his father to pay his debts, he was dancing at Margate expecting to see his charmer. Walpole says that Mrs. Grieve went so far as to come down with something on account of the fortune which Fox longed for so anxiously, but it was merely a hundred pounds or two. The investment, however, answered her purpose, for she always had Fox's chariot at her door and her other dupes could no longer doubt "her noblesse, or interest, when the hope of Britain frequented her house."

The ball-room is a capacious apartment, about 90 feet in length and upwards of 40 feet wide. The walls are covered with stuccoed decorations, with a sprinkling of girandoles and mirrors. Over the chimney-piece are busts of George III. and his son, the Duke of Cumberland, and at the west end of the apartment is a raised orchestra with an organ. During the season concerts and balls are given here every evening at eight o'clock. The charge for admission is no longer four shillings as it used to be in Margate's days of grandeur and swelldom, but only one-fourth of that amount, though there is still in the very atmosphere of the great, gaunt, bare room, some indication of its former splendour. The tall Georgian chimney-pieces yawn for fires which are probably never lighted except to make a charwoman's tea on cleaning days, and the concerts at the beginning and the end of the season, are only performed when the number of visitors in attendance make it worth the while of the proprietor who engages the musicians.

These concerts are a great feature, however, in the height of the season,

and are the main attraction of respectability hankering after amusement. They consist mostly of the united performances of some talented family, Messrs. A. B. and C., forming the orchestra, with instrumental solos on sackbuts, psalteries, dulcimers, and many other contrivances, by Misses D. E. and F. Blank, who also sing a duet and a ballad or two, with great rolling of eyes and Rs.

After the concert, the real festivity of the evening begins with the appearance of the M.C., a gentleman whose ability and respectability are equally guaranteed by his connection with the Royal Italian Opera, and several "Establishments for young ladies." His figure is slim and graceful, his gait so elastic that he might be prancing on india-rubber legs, set on polished ebony castors; his introduction is in itself calculated to inspire confidence and to repel vulgarity. All is cool, correct, and decorous, with a judicious mingling of the ball-room and the dancing academy. The nine muses are taught deportment, and the three graces conduct themselves with the very strictest propriety.

The Town Hall adjoins the market in King-street, and is worthy of notice merely from its containing a few portraits of local celebrities, and a bust of Sir Thomas Staines, K.C.B. Among these portraits are a couple of Cobbs, F. and F. W., whom we duly reverence for the capital beer brewed at their establishment; Mr. James Taddy, a charitable old gentleman, who did a world of good in his day, gave £1000 to Drapers' Hospital, and presented Trinity Church with its fine organ; and Daniel Jarvis, M.D., who projected the present pier and planned the old wooden jetty, which was supplanted a few years since by the present iron structure.

There is an exhibition in Margate which goes by the name of the Vortigern Caves, and is a good deal patronized by courting couples and nurses with young children, simply, we suppose, because it offers to the juvenile mind the attraction of a faint kind of horror. We find it mentioned in print that "the antiquity and use of these caves being recorded in history, any attempt to describe them would fail to convey to the mind the ingenuity and labour bestowed on their construction. These caves are the most extraordinary that have yet been discovered; and there can be no doubt, sheltered the Saxons from the ruthless cruelty of the Danes." We need hardly tell the reader that there is no foundation whatever for these statements, and that no one knows when and by whom the excavations were made. They were discovered by a mere accident at the commencement of the present century by an old gentleman who owned the land above, and he being of a whimsical turn of mind had them decorated in the absurd fashion in which we find them at present. We should mention that the entrance into the so-called Vortigern Caves is by a narrow turning beside the schools belonging to Trinity Church. You

enter a little shop where ginger beer and barley sugar, and London Journals and Family Heralds are retailed, and are ushered down a flight of steps when, by the dim light of a few jets of gas, you discern a series of excavations, and gradually recognise some wretched paintings in distemper on the flat surfaces of the chalk. In one niche is the figure of a stout old gentleman, holding in his hand an overflowing mug of ale, who passes for Sir Toby Philpot. Above an adjoining deep recess, which goes by the name of the "dungeon," are displayed the ordinary death's-head and cross-bones. Below on either side, as though guarding the prison-entrance, are a couple of soldiers in the uniform of the reign of George III., while at the extremity of the recess itself is the figure of a prisoner loaded with chains. Representations of animals, both wild and domesticated, cover other portions of the sides of the caves; but the crowning triumph of all is a fox-hunt with the hounds in full cry, and portraits of the then members of the Thanet Hunt on their favourite hacks, shouting "Tally-ho!" as though they'd crack their cheeks. The old gentleman seems to have turned one particular recess to good account, for he converted it into a wine cellar, and here may still be seen the bins where some hundreds of dozens of Port, Sherry, and Madeira were stowed away, with the distinguishing marks by which the respective vintages were known.

Margate boasts of a second subterranean exhibition known as the Grotto. This is situated in the part of the town called the Dane, somewhere at the back of Cecil Square, and is a far more regular shaped excavation, and on a much smaller scale than the so-called Vortigern Caves. It is fancifully covered all over with shells, the collection and arrangement of which must have been a work of much labour, and the result is on the whole so satisfactory that one cannot withhold one's admiration from the ingenious artizan by whom the grotto was decorated in this fanciful, and, one might almost say, tasteful style.



AN UNWARRANTABLE INTRUSION.

## VI.

### BATHS AND BAZAARS.

THE sea-bathing at Margate has the reputation of being far more animated than on any other part of the coast. Indeed, Paterfamilias is continually writing letters to the prude *Telegraph* on this delicate subject. Not having ourselves witnessed any of those "dreadful scenes that outrage public decency"—that is the usual phrase—we are unable to say as to how far these strictures are merited. One thing, however, is quite certain, that during bathing time boats with severe looking policemen on board hover about the machines, prepared to pounce down on anyone guilty of the slightest impropriety.

There are a number of waiting-rooms in High-street, where the customers retire until the machines are ready, and which are fitted up with every luxury, including yesterday's newspaper, and a piano with a rich banjo tone. On the occasion of our visit we had the pleasure of witnessing in one of these rooms a skirmish between a musical and a literary bather. An old gentleman was in the middle of a profound statistical article when a mamma told her little girl to begin a polka. A leader on the state of the crops and "The Firefly" can never agree together; and the politician, who felt himself beginning to read to the tune, grew red, shuffled his

[illegible]

slippers, and kept looking over the outspread journal, as if peeping over a blind. But the tender mother knew nothing of all this, and only said in a mild voice, "Not so fast, Selina; mind your time, my dear!" until at length the savage old man jumped up as if a bee had stung him, and, with a look that would have made a dog howl, left the room.

We, after a time, find ourselves in possession of a machine with a blue door and a very wet carpet inside, and feel ourselves insulted by having two towels handed to us which are no larger than sheets of blotting-paper. Just as we are about to remonstrate the jolting box begins to move, and we are sent bumping about from side to side like a weaver's shuttle. It is worse than riding in a hay-cart, and impresses us with the belief that we are being sifted like cinders. At last we are in the sea with the waves splashing up against the machine, and making a gurgling noise among the wheels, and shaking the door, as if they are trying to come inside and wet our clothes.

We have been told of men who take cold baths in winter, and even send the servant to the river to break the ice with the kitchen poker, so as to have their dip. Those men are riddles. To us cold water always has the same effect as a cut with a sharp razor, and we don't like either.



THE OLD LADY THAT  
MAKES LITTLE BOYS'  
LIVES A BURDEN TO  
THEM.

How cautiously we commence bathing, first dipping in the toe to see how the temperature is, and then withdrawing it, and thinking we would go back and have a warm bath instead! But shame calls back our courage when, looking through the little window in the side, we see a pink child being dipped into the waves like a rag by two strong, heartless women. "Shall we, a man," we thought, "be out-braved by a child? no!" and in we go; but, as we live, it was as nasty as senna-tea for breakfast. How far we went down, or for what space of time we remained under water, we cannot tell, but it seemed an age, and as deep as a pit-shaft; and the water was roaring in our ears, as if it knew we hated it. We felt as that wretched mouse must feel under the air-pump, and gasped for breath like a trout on the grass. "Catch us doing this again," we said to ourselves. But

after a time we grew accustomed to the sport, and amused ourselves by striking out first with one hand and then with the other, sometimes darting through the waves like a long silver fish, then paddling like a dog, and altogether delighted with our swimming powers.



A CRACK SWIMMER.



BATHERS' HEADS.

Whilst bathing, we made the acquaintance of a gentlemen whom we shall, of course, never recognise again, and had a long chit-chat with him about affairs in general. He had just risen from a plunge when we first beheld him, and with an open mouth—which, from the absence of teeth, looked like a red-lined *porte-monnaie*—was trying to recover his scattered senses. His first phrase was, "Oh! the water makes me sick!" at which we pretended to be surprised, and laughed. With our heads just above the water, and a frill of waves round our necks, we began our conversation. He told us that the number of visitors by the Saturday boats amounted to 1900, whilst the greatest number last year was only 1400. He further informed us that many of the visitors had been forced to walk the streets all night or sleep in bathing machines; for that beds were as difficult to get as change for a twenty pound note. He would have told us a great many other wonderful things if a savage wave had not come and covered us both over like a table-cloth, and sent us wheezing and growling back to our wooden boxes.

There are a crowd of bathing-machines opposite the Marine-terrace for the accommodation of visitors, who, when the tide is unusually low, are taken on board them, and brought ashore again in jolting carts. This pursuit of bathing under difficulties appears to be highly relished by most of those engaged in it.

The Clifton baths, which are situated at the other extremity of the town, at the further end of the fort, consist of a series of excavations out of the solid chalk, and comprise domed subterranean passages, with arches for the reception of machines, and a road for them through the cliff to the sea-shore, together with a regular bathing establishment and all its appurtenances—such as warm, cold, plunging, and medicinal baths, with the requisite washing and dressing-rooms, and a kind of terrace open to the sea, where visitors can promenade.

In Margate High-street, some little distance past those wooden booths where you may buy a walking-stick, then go into the next one and have your hair cut and curled, and afterwards step next door and take a bath, is the well-known bazaar called the "Boulevard"—why it is so singularly named we cannot say, any more than we can tell why some sweetmeats are called bull's-eyes, or what alicompain means.



This bazaar consists of a long-necked passage, which on the occasion of our visit we noticed was papered with the history of Telemachus, and which led to a bottle-shaped room at the end, where concerts are given. Under the different incidents in Fénelon's romance were ranged the stalls. Where Telemachus and Mentor land after the shipwreck you could purchase pomatum, fans, combs, &c., and everything such distressed gentlemen might consider necessary for their toilet after so melancholy an event. At that passage where Telemachus is relating his history to Calypso, there were French clocks and chimney ornaments enough to have turned her cave into the most elegant boudoir; and when we arrived at the illustration of the young Greek hunting with the nymphs, we found whips, rocking-horses, and trumpets in the most sportsman-like abundance.

The concert going on in the large room at the end was both vocal and instrumental, and "from the first operas." A crowded audience of gratuitous listeners were seated on the benches around, wondering at the strength of lungs exhibited by a small boy on the cornet-à-piston, and delighted with the little girl in pink who played the piano, her tiny fingers pecking at the notes like so many birds feeding.

Raffling seems to be carried on to an alarming extent at this bazaar. There were four tables for immediate gambling; and hung up against the walls were printed forms for future dicing, more or less filled up, where hundreds of members were to throw for tea-services, or clocks, or lustres, and gold necklets. In one of these forms we observed the names of Marie and Emilie, which being, as we thought, pretty names, and possibly belonging to pretty owners, we hoped to goodness might win.

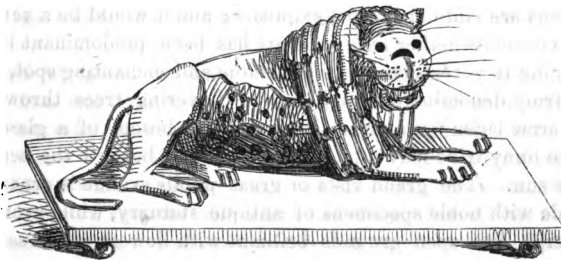
There is another bazaar higher up, called after its proprietor, Mr. Jolly, and conducted on the same sporting principles. This elegant establishment is possessed of a wheel of fortune, in which there are no blanks, but all prizes; and you cannot win less than a penny bundle of hair-pins for your sixpence. It was here that we saw some very choice works of art in papier-mâché, consisting of work-tables, with moonlight and lighthouse effects in mother-o'-pearl. At a little distance the black tops with the white specks in them reminded us of black puddings dotted with lumps of lard; but they were very beautiful, nevertheless, and so polished that the flies could scarcely walk on them.

They had only got a piano in the concert-room at Jolly's, which seemed mean after the performing boy and girl at the Boulevard, but as we bought nothing, and had entered without paying, we did not like to complain. We were fortunate enough to hear Herr Simmondo perform his celebrated selections from "Moses in Egypt," and we shall never forget the feeling he threw into the passage describing the men of Israel gathering the spoils from the drowned Egyptians. We had also an opportunity of inspecting



SELECTIONS FROM "MOSES IN EGYPT," BY HERB SIMMONDO.

some very wonderful specimens of shell-work, really very ingenious and perfect, in which, by making the body of an animal or bird with a speckled shell, and adding legs, necks, heads and tails of a curious composition (a secret) like hard-baked pie-crust, a perfect resemblance of any living creature, from a lion to a cock, is insured. These images form excessively neat chimney-ornaments for the drawing-room, and by putting your ear to the animal's stomach, you can tell by the noise in its inside whether the sea is rough or not.



SPECIMEN OF THE FINE ARTS AT MARGATE.

## VII.

### TIVOLI GARDENS.

THAT Margate is rakishly inclined is evident, for, not content with its Assembly Rooms, it has gardens where dancing, comic singing, and fireworks are nightly indulged in during the season. The masters of the ceremonies are the most graceful men who ever wore white cravats. It is here that some irresistibly comic gentleman is engaged to sing every night in character. Another professional is that charming young lady who often has offers of marriage made to her after warbling one of her ballads—indeed, a professor of the German flute is said to have blown out his brains for her sake just after “Yes, charmer, I will love you then as now” came out.

The author of one local guide-book, after enumerating the delights of these beautiful gardens, is suddenly seized with a poetic fit, and without the aid of smelling-salts or burnt feathers exclaims—

“Here may the pensive visitor with pleasure sit beneath the weeping willows’ shade, and gaze upon the gently gliding stream, in which, with blithe security, the finny race their graceful gambols play, and lofty elms their venerable heads reflect; and here may the lovers of melodious sounds their sweetest charms enjoy, while borne upon the balmy evening breeze they strike the enraptured ear. In these gardens the migratory nightingale takes up her short abode, and here may the admirer of her varied, soft, and thrilling melody enjoy her solitary and evening chant.”

Another writer speaks of Tivoli in almost equally entrancing terms. He pronounces it “one of the most pleasing and delightful resorts for the votaries of pleasure to be met with in all England. The taste with which the grounds are laid out is most exquisite; and it would be a very difficult matter to decide whether nature or art has been predominant in forming and bringing to perfection this picturesque and enchanting spot, and which may be truly denominated fairy land. Towering trees throw their expanding arms laden with rich foliage over the bosom of a glassy lake, in which the finny tribe may often be seen sporting beneath the beams of the noon-day sun. The grand vista or great public avenue is ornamented on either side with noble specimens of antique statuary, while ever and anon you diverge into open grounds brilliant with flowers which send forth a sweet fragrance. Again you meet with ‘cool grot and mossy cell,’ and green walks which rival the velvets of the east. To the left, as you proceed to the spacious bowling green, the eye becomes entranced by the appearance of a curious shrubbery formed at considerable expense and called

'The Maze.' This ornamental puzzle was designed after the legendary description of the Bower of Woodstock, the fatal abode of that especial favourite of all young ladies, 'Fair Rosamond.' Seats and tables are placed in various portions of the gardens, on which refreshments are served to the visitors; while several plots of carpet-like turf are set apart for pic-nic parties, who are allowed to bring their own edibles. The Hotel is at the top of the great avenue, in front of which is a monster platform level with the turf, for dancing on the green. There is also a large building in which concerts and balls take place every evening, during the season; and occasionally grand gala nights, when there is generally a beautiful display of fireworks."

After reading this we hired a fly and drove to Tivoli. It was a beautiful night, and the moon was shining against the dark-blue sky like a silver nail on a coffin. Light clouds streaked the heavens as if some old witch had been sweeping them with her broom, and each object in the landscape, tipped with the bright moonlight on one side, and black with the dark shadows on the other, looked cool as if we were surveying a snow scene. We passed by a field, with the grasshoppers singing like the crickets at a baker's, and having successfully resisted the furious attempts of the wind to make off with our hat and untie our neckerchief, we found ourselves at the entrance-gates of the gardens of Tivoli.

We paid our shilling to a gas-illuminated man, and walked into the grounds. The footpath seemed to have been cut through a plantation of tall trees, which grew up irregularly on each side, and formed a kind of tunnel with their branches, making the air so dark, that if it had not been for the gaslights burning at the end, we should have bumped ourselves black and blue against the trunks about us. There was a pond surrounded by white posts, so completely thatched in with overhanging boughs, that it was only by the little speck of moonlight that rested on the centre like a floating lamp that we could tell that there was water.

We were surprised to find the gardens apparently deserted. A desperate man might unrestrained have committed suicide, even in the centre of the principal flower-bed. We coughed and then whistled, but no one appeared; yet the grand illuminations were lighted—there was the magnificent star of yellow paint, adorned with coloured lamps, and the variously tinted festoons were suspended from tree to tree like ropes of transparent onions. We grew excessively nervous with the solitude, and felt inclined to run away and give information to the police.

Presently a trumpet sounded, and we hurried in the direction of the notes. Now the mystery was solved, for we found the visitors, about thirty in number, assembled in the dancing-hall, which was large enough to have

held a thousand. It looked as if a private party was being given. We thought to ourselves, "Unless everybody eats and drinks a great deal, the gardens will not clear their expenses to-night."

Most of the gentlemen wore straw rowing-hats, or smoking-caps, and many of the ladies had taken their mantles and bonnets off, and seemed to be in full dress. There were eight musicians and four masters of the ceremonies, which is nearly at the rate of one performer and half a dancing master to every four visitors.

We had the great pleasure of hearing the comic gentleman deliver a medley song, at the conclusion of which he danced about the platform, saying, "Sing li-to-ro! to-ro, ilal, ilal, ilay." He was very much applauded, and in return was so obliging as to give us another song. This time he came on dressed as a charwoman, and his theme was "Charming Woman," one verse of which we remember:—

"She can coax and scold him too,  
And whop him till he's black and blue,  
And leave him, and still be true—  
Woman, charming woman, oh !"

Whenever the singer had occasion to mention "woman," he did so in a very handsome manner, as if he were fond of the sex, throwing great fervour into his voice, and complimenting the object of his adoration with a powerful high note.

We left Tivoli just as the brilliant display of fireworks was about to be let off, for we knew we should see them quite as well outside. We never remember to have passed a more delightful evening, or one more free from bustle and excitement.

We had scarcely passed through the gates before we heard the roar of ascending rockets, and turning round we saw the golden streak of fire mounting in the air and beheld it explode with a faint ginger-beer bang, and froth over with a few green stars. There were three of these rockets, and then the entertainment appeared to have ended.

We reached Margate as the lights were being put out, and the bedroom blinds pulled down. The London Muslin Company, with a line of gas jets illuminating the shop-front, was just taking from the window its stock of choice dresses at 2s. 3d. An aged tenor with his harmonicon was warbling under the windows, in the faintest of strains, as if he was worn out with wandering. He had his audience though, for a casement was opened, and a mouth full of food asked, "Can you sing 'My love is like the red, red rose?'" Of course he said he could, but when he began we could not for the life of us perceive any difference between it and the ballad he had last sung.



SALMESTONE GRANGE.

## VIII.

DRAPERS' HOSPITAL—ST. PETER'S—SALMESTONE—CHAPEL BOTTOM—  
HENGROVE AND TWENTIES.

WITHIN a mile of Margate, on the road to St. Peter's, is one of those modest charitable foundations of which England has so many, and of which she has every reason to feel proud. It goes by the name of Drapers' Hospital, and consists of a group of pretty cottages, part of which were erected in 1709, in accordance with the terms of a bequest by one Michael Yoakley, a benevolent Quaker, who, according to a tradition current in the neighbourhood, tended swine in the days when he was poor and friendless, on the very spot where Drapers' Hospital now stands. The foundation consisted originally of a simple row of cottages with a meeting-house in the centre; one cottage being set apart for an overseer, the others for poor decayed men and women, natives or inhabitants of Margate, St. Peter's, Acol, and Birchington, who were to be provided with warm gowns and coats of shepherd's grey, and with a weekly stipend at the discretion of the trustees of the charity. The property bequeathed for this purpose having improved in value, and Mr. James Taddy, of Northdown, having

given a donation of £1,000 towards increasing its permanent funds, two wings were added to the building; one in 1848, the other in 1850. The hospital, therefore, now consists of twenty-two picturesque little cottages, all more or less overgrown with climbing plants, pleasantly situated round three sides of an extensive grass plot, which is bordered by flower-beds and partially skirted by a row of clipped lime trees.

Over the doorway of the meeting-house is a tablet bearing the following quaint inscription, placed there by direction of the founder, by whom it was in all probability composed.

"In much weakness, the God of might did bless,  
 With increase of store,  
 Not to maintain pride nor idleness,  
 But to relieve the poor,  
 Such industrious poor, as truly fear the Lord,  
 Of { Meek,  
       { Humble and } According to his word."  
       { Quiet spirit, }

St. Peter's, which is hardly a couple of miles beyond Drapers' Hospital, is a pleasant rural village, standing on rising ground and surrounded for the most part by trees. In the days when railways were not, and when Margate was a place of fashionable resort, there were some famous public gardens there, called Ranelagh, after their renowned namesake of the last century, which, saving its lake and its *allées vertes*, they may be said to have borne a modest resemblance to. For instance, the Thanet, like the Chelsea Ranelagh, had its "magnificent pavilion, with adjoining orchestra and suitable platform for dancing;" and boasted, moreover, we are told, a "fine bowling-green, bounded by mossy banks, and with a small wilderness at its extremity, the whole being encompassed with a border richly studded with scarce flowering exotics and evergreens." Public breakfasts were held in these gardens every Wednesday morning throughout the season, when dancing supplemented the matutinal repast. It is recorded that on these occasions "when the weather was tempting, it was no unusual thing for from six to eight hundred fashionables to be assembled here from various parts of the island." The evening balls were somewhat less popular, owing to the difficulty which "Martin French, Esq., Master of the Ceremonies at Margate," experienced in keeping these assemblies equally select with the morning entertainments. After an existence of rather more than a quarter of a century, the Thanet Ranelagh, like its Chelsea prototype, had to succumb to the exigencies of time—to see its last glories gradually depart from it, and eventually to witness the transformation of its faded ball-room into a national school.

St. Peter's church is at this end of the village. On the eastern side

of its embattled flint-work tower the fissure said to have been caused by an earthquake, in the reign of Elizabeth, is distinctly visible. The interior of the building has been recently restored in admirable taste. All traces of whitewash—the provincial churchwardens' true ready renovator—have disappeared, and the more decayed mouldings of the massive stone columns seem to have been renewed. Encaustic tiles have been laid down in the chancel, and the bare wall on either side of the stone altar has been screened by an elegant diaper pattern of painted tiles of brilliant colours. Against the south wall of the chancel is a seventeenth-century florid marble monument, encumbered with ornament and partially gilt, to the Rev. George Lovejoy, Master of the King's School at Canterbury; and facing it is a somewhat similar memorial to his wife Elizabeth, who left by will numerous charitable bequests to the parish. In the chancel are two fine painted glass windows, one at the east, the other at the south end.

Almost hidden behind the organ, in the [north aisle, is a black marble slab, with the bust of a man, inclosed within a circle in relief, and having his escutcheon arms sculptured beneath. Six smaller shields surround the border. From the inscription which it bears, it appears to be the monument of Manases Norwoode, Knight, of Dane Court and Norwood, in the isle of Thanet, who was a great man in these parts some two and a half centuries ago. A solitary helmet which hangs on one side of the organ may have perhaps belonged to this gallant gentleman. In the same aisle is a plain marble tablet to the memory of the father of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan,—the orator, dramatist, wit, and boon companion of the era of the Regency—who is buried within the walls of this church.

Two engraved brass figures, removed, we imagine, from the original slab, have been fixed against the south wall of the central aisle. The inscription beneath denotes them to be Richard Culmer, *carpentarius*, and Margaret his wife. The date of the memorial is 1485. At the west end of this aisle is a beautiful stained-glass window, representing the "Raising of Dorcas," erected to commemorate the benefactions of Mrs. Ann Nuckell, of Broadstairs, who bequeathed a considerable sum of money to the parish for charitable and educational purposes. In the south aisle are two other windows of stained glass—one in memory of Agnes Henrietta and Charlotte Maria Alexander; the other, which is by far the finest specimen, in memory of Charles Bowland Cotton, of Kingsgate.

On the south side of the churchyard, near the main entrance to the church, is the grave of Richard Joy, commonly known as the Kentish Samson, whose marvellous strength in coping successfully with a powerful horse, lifting a ton weight, and snapping a rope that bore 35 cwt. without breaking, is commemorated in some lines beneath his portrait, engraved



in the year 1699, and whose feats are referred to in ordinary churchyard doggrel on the head-stone which is raised over his grave:—

“Herculean hero, famed for strength,  
At last lies here his breadth and length;  
See how the mighty man is fallen—  
To death the strong and weak are all one:  
And the same judgment doth befall  
Goliath great as David small.”

Joy's fame as the Strong Man of Kent, spread far and wide, and he was taken to court in the reign of William and Mary, when he exhibited his prowess before the King and the nobility. Many years afterwards, in May, 1734, the Kentish Samson had the ill luck to get drowned while engaged in a smuggling expedition, when the Philistines, in the shape of a party of preventive men, came down upon the gang of contrabandists unawares.

The remains of the old monkish grange of Salmestone—now but an ordinary farm house, though still known by its ancient name—lie a little to the left hand, about half a mile from Margate on the Minster road. They are pleasantly enough situated almost in the very midst of corn fields, hemmed in by wheat-ricks and barns, and partially screened by a few under-grown trees. The dwelling-house, a picturesque looking old building, almost smothered in ivy, has a projecting porch, a high-pitched roof with gable at one end, and here and there a pointed window. In the rear are some Gothic flint-work buildings with stone mouldings and long sloping red tiled roofs, and the windows of which display their original form and tracery. These were the dining-hall and chapel of the grange, and are upwards of five centuries old, dating back as they do to the time of the second Edward. The chapel roof, open to the rafters, is in the early decorated style. North of the chapel is the infirmary, where used to be, and probably still is, pointed out a carved stone corbel representing a grotesque human face. In the court-yard east of the chapel the entrance to a small crypt may be seen.

The manor of Salmestone, like many another manor in the island, belonged originally to the monastery of St. Augustine, at Canterbury. In 1318, a dispute having arisen between the Abbot of St. Augustine and the men of Minster respecting the exact nature of the suit and service which the tenants of the manor were bound to render for the lands they held, the Minster men rose in a mass, and after procuring the assistance of all the loose fellows they could find hanging about Sandwich, who were willing to let themselves out at so much per head, armed themselves with bows and arrows and swords and staves, and proceeded to attack the Abbot's manor-houses of Minster and Salmestone, to which they endeavoured to gain

entrance by firing the outer gates. Being foiled in their attempts they set to work to destroy all the ploughs and carts, and the trappings of the horses which happened to be at work in the fields. The Abbot, however, made them smart for their temerity, for he had scores of them arrested and shut up in Canterbury jail until they paid the then enormous sum of £600 for the damage they had done.

Many years ago there was an old custom in vogue at Salmestone—originating in a clause of the original lease of the manor—of giving a dish of peas to every poor person who chose to come and claim it, any Monday or Friday between the 3rd of May and Midsummer-day. Either the claimants became at length unpleasantly numerous, or the lessees of the manor uncommonly stingy, but at any rate the result was, that something like a century and a half ago, the lessees, profiting by the indefinite meaning of the word dish as a measure of capacity, gave to each applicant such a small allowance of peas, that it was no longer worth anyone's while to apply for them, and the custom, as a matter of course, fell into desuetude.

Leaving Salmestone on our left hand, a walk of about a quarter of a mile along the Minster road, brings us to the entrance to Margate Cemetery, an extensive inclosure, tastefully laid out and planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers. Continuing our walk for a short distance we dip down into the hollow known as Chapel Bottom, where, until this last year or two, might be seen the ruins of an ancient chapel, built upwards of six centuries ago, by Sir Henri de Sandwich, who lived on his manor of Hengrove, hard by. About a mile off, across the fields to our right, and in a southerly direction, a rather picturesque old brick building, seemingly of the James 1st period, will be noticed. This was formerly the residence of the owners of the manor, but is now a mere farm-house, bearing its ancient name.

The old flint-built farm-house with gable end, about a quarter of a mile this side of Hengrove, on the Acol road, which we catch sight of across the fields on our left hand, standing out from a dense background of trees, goes by the singular name of Twenties, from the number of acres originally belonging to the farm.

If, after passing the entrance to the cemetery, on our return towards Margate, we take the pathway on our right hand across the fields, we arrive at Nash Court, a farm-house of the bettermost sort, pleasantly hemmed in by clusters of trees, and which occupies the site of a picturesque old manor house, where dwelt successively in bygone times the Garwintons, the Hauts, the Isaacks, the Lincolns, the Manwoods, and the Cleybrooks.

## IX.

### KINGSGATE AND ITS MODERN ANTIQUES.

To walk to Kingsgate along the edge of the cliff is rather a round-about way of getting to the place, with moreover nothing special to recommend it. There is the route by the road past the windmills and through Northdown, or, better still, the excursion can be made by water. Rowing boats abound in the neighbourhood of the jetty, one of which may be hired for the trip there and back for from three to five shillings, according to the number composing the party. In a few minutes we are off, and sculling past the two grotesque chalk pinnacles beneath the fort, known as "No man's land." The sun shines brilliantly and the sea is of all manner of tints, from dull leaden grey, to purple and pale green, and even bright yellow above where the beds of sea-weed are. Skirting the cliffs which rise up on our right hand, like a long range of perpendicular ramparts, with cavernous-looking entrances at their base, we shoot past the queer-looking Clifton Baths, with their obelisque chimneys, intended of course to be ornamental, but which are precisely the reverse, and their dozen or more bathing-machines, and in a few minutes are alongside the Newgate bathing station. Next we pass the iron bridge thrown across a gap in the cliff by Mr. Hodges, "pro bono publico," as the inscription sets forth, and the adjacent fort with its flagstaff, and its couple of six-pounders, placed here by the same patriotic individual, no doubt for the more efficient defence of the Thanet coast. The targets for rifle practice will be noticed on the sands a little further on, passing which we sweep round into a miniature bay, where bathers, who are averse to bathing-machines and the restrictions of the Margate corporation, are in the habit of disporting themselves, and then, after rounding the next point, we touch Kingsgate landing-place, and hauling our boat on shore, proceed to explore the neighbourhood.

If, instead of making the trip by water, we charter a fly and drive to Kingsgate, the chances are that if the day is fine we shall encounter on our way plenty of people, either going thither or returning, for Kingsgate is a favourite excursion with Margate visitors. In the midst of clouds upon clouds of dust we shall every now and then succeed in distinguishing either a basket-carriage or a fly, or a pony or donkey-chaise, and occasionally a party of indifferently-mounted equestrians, both male and female. Donkey-riders especially seem to patronize this road in preference to any other, and among troops of juveniles and children of a larger growth, parent and child will occasionally be seen taking their post-prandial exercise in company, on their way in all probability to either the Waterloo (or



THE LADY WHO IS FOND OF PLENTY OF EXERCISE, AND THE DONKEY THAT ISN'T.

Shallow's tea-gardens, to feast on tea and shrimps and such other dainties as these establishments furnish. Materfamilias in the present instance appears to be a middle-aged lady of considerable bulk, who covers her steed as a hatching hen does an egg, and whose weight makes the poor animal's legs tremble as it steps along like a blind man fearful of stumbling. Ladies of her rotund proportions are generally great advocates for plenty of exercise, but unfortunately their tottering steeds are not. It is quite a different case with Master Hopeful, who, being a light weight, is actually run away with by the high-spirited animal on which he is mounted the instant it feels the touch of its master's admonitory whip.

In the midst of a field some little distance inland between Northdown and East Northdown, and on the highest point of land in the Isle of



"OH! OH! PLEASE DON'T!"

Thanet, stands Whitfield Tower, originally erected by Lord Holland in memory of Thomas Whitfield, Esq., a former possessor, and according to the original inscription on the tower, "the ornament and adorning of Kingsgate." Many years ago the jimcrack ornaments on the summit of the original structure were blown down during a gale, and after a time the shaft shewed symptoms of decay. The tower being useful as a sea-mark, the Corporation of the Trinity House obtained permission to repair and heighten it, and from that time to the present it has continued under their care.

Nearer to Kingsgate and close by the roadside stands Harley Tower, a queer-looking round flint building, surrounded by a quadrangular out-work of flint, with corner-buttresses of chalk, now much decayed. A tablet affixed to it sets forth that it was raised in honour of Thomas Harley, Esq., Lord Mayor of London, in 1768, and two Latin inscriptions on other parts of the edifice have been thus rendered—

"The magistracy shews the man."

"The man in conscious virtue bold,  
Who dares to his fixed purpose hold,  
Unshaken hears the crowd's tumultuous noise."

Close to the edge of the cliff is yet another tower, built, we are told, in imitation of those castles erected by Henry VIII. for the defence of the Kentish coast, and which goes by the fanciful name of *Arx Ruochim* (Roman's Tower), a compound of Latin and ancient British, "*arx*" being Latin for "tower," and "*Ruochim*" ancient British for "Roman." On a circular mound north of Kingsgate formerly stood a rude gothic temple—another of Lord Holland's fanciful creations—raised to perpetuate the remembrance of a sanguinary engagement between the Saxons and the Danes, which, according to local tradition, took place near this spot. A long Latin inscription at the base of the building informs us that—

"To the memory of Danes and Saxons here slain, who, having cruelly and perfidiously driven out the Britons (soldiers think every country their own), contended together for the empire, Henry, Lord Holland, raised this monument. History is silent as to the leaders and result of this battle, which was fought about the year 800, and that it was fought near this spot the bones found under this and the adjacent tumulus amply testify."

Whether this temple was razed to the ground along with other of Lord Holland's brick and mortar eccentricities, or whether the portion of the cliff on which it stood was undermined by the encroachments of the sea, and cliff, and temple, toppled down together, we know not, but this much is certain, that for many years the monument has ceased to exist.

We now bear for the Captain Digby tavern, where we purpose to make a halt, and refresh ourselves. A numerous company will generally be found assembled here, either in the house itself or on the lawn in front of it, and in the detached building near the house, which every one who has once visited will remember for its charming tin kettle of a piano, along the keys of which each young lady who enters the apartment runs her fingers and then retires in confusion, and exhibiting marked symptoms of disgust at the result of her attempted display. At one end of the room is or used to be a panel containing an inscription, which would appear to have been copied from the well-known distich, inscribed over St. Bartholomew's Gate, an embattled arch defended by a portcullis, which formerly stood at the end of the adjacent gap or breach in the cliff leading down to the sea. This inscription explains how the place came to have its name changed from St. Bartholomew's to King's Gate.

"I once by St. Bartholomew was claimed,

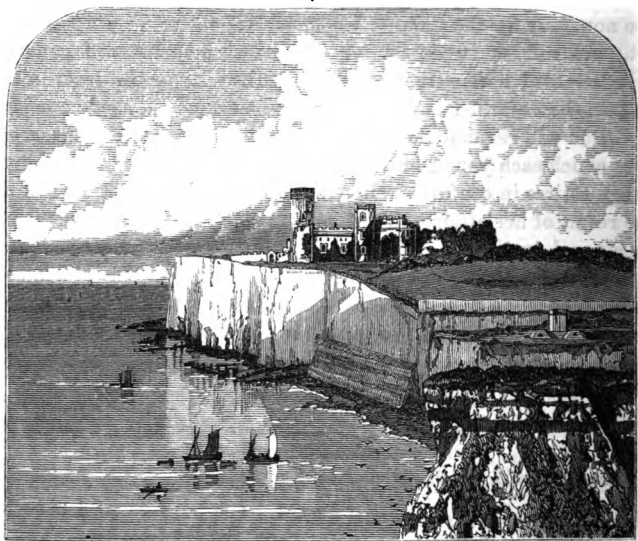
But now, so bids the King, am Kingsgate named.

King Charles II. and James, Duke of York, landed here, June 30, 1683."

Many years since a severe frost loosened the masonry of the arch, the result of which was, that the entire structure gave way, and tumbled headlong into the sea below.

Proceeding along the cliff in the direction of the North Foreland, we pass the adjacent coast-guard station, a classical-looking building, comprising a Doric portico, with wings—the sole remains of the famous seat built by Henry, the first Lord Holland, in the early part of the last century, in imitation of Tully's celebrated Formian Villa on the coast of Baiæ. Here were formerly collected together a number of beautiful marble columns, antique statues, busts, vases, bas-reliefs, &c., brought by Lord Holland from Italy at a great expense. Adjacent to the mansion was a detached saloon, dedicated to Neptune, the ceiling of which was painted over with incidents in the history of the famous God of the Sea. In the former garden of the mansion may still be seen a handsome black marble pillar erected by Lord Holland in memory of Margaret, Countess of Hillsborough, a very worthy lady, to whom the gouty old peer seems to have been sincerely attached.

On rising ground, almost at the verge of the cliff, and with a beautiful green slope in front of it, stands a somewhat picturesque-looking dark flint building, the walls and towers of which are robed in ivy of a century's growth, which goes by the name of Kingsgate Castle. Formerly it used to be known indifferently as the monastery or the convent. It is one of the many modern antiques which Lord Holland scattered broadcast here-



KINGSGATE CASTLE.

abouts, and only wants the smack of real antiquity to be as interesting as a restored ruined castle can ordinarily be made.

The poet Gray, who visited Kingsgate shortly after the death of Lord Holland, penned the following bitter lines on the occasion. He describes them as being suggested by a view of the seat and ruins of a deceased nobleman at Kingsgate.

- "Old and abandoned by each venal friend,  
 Here Holland took the pious resolution,  
 To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend  
 A broken character and constitution.
- "On this congenial spot he fixt his choice,  
 Earl Godwin trembled for his native land,  
 Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,  
 And mariners, tho' shipwreck'd, dread to land.
- "Here reigns the blust'ring north and blighting east,  
 No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;  
 But nature cannot furnish out the feast,  
 Art is invok'd new horrors still to bring.
- "Lo ! mould'ring tow'rs and battlements arise,  
 Arches and turrets nodding to their fall,  
 Unpeopled palaces delude the eyes,  
 And mimic desolation covers all.
- " 'Oh !' cried the sighing peer, 'had Bute been true,  
 Or M—s—d's promise not bestowed in vain,  
 Far other scenes had bless'd our happier view,  
 And realiz'd the ruins which we feign.
- " 'Purg'd by the sword, and purified by fire,  
 Then had we seen proud London's hated walls,  
 Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,  
 And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's.' "

On the death of Lord Holland, his second son, the celebrated Charles James Fox, succeeded to the estate ; but ill-luck at play, at Brooks's, compelled him to mortgage it, and eventually to sell it to a Mr. Powel, his father's former steward, concerning whom and whose fate mysterious allusions appeared in print at the time, which seemed to point to self-destruction on his part to escape the penalty of some crime of which he was known to have been guilty.

The North Foreland light-house, which is close at hand, stands some couple of hundred yards or so from the edge of the cliff from which it takes its name, and which rises nearly two hundred feet above the level of high-water mark—the light itself being at an elevation of seventy feet from



the cliff's summit, or upwards of two hundred and sixty feet above the waves of the sea. The lantern is an immense glass cage, containing powerful reflectors of silvered copper, which render the light visible as far off as the Nore, a distance of some thirty miles.

The first regular light-house on the North Foreland—a building of timber, with a light burning in a glass lantern, was raised by Sir John Meldrum, in 1636. This was burnt down some fifty years afterwards, when a sort of beacon was set up as a make-shift, which was, after a time, replaced by an octagonal building of flint, two stories in height, with an open iron grate of blazing coal at its summit. Subsequently, the light was enclosed with window sashes, and kept as far as possible of a uniform brightness throughout the night by means of bellows, which the light-house keeper was required to be constantly plying. Two stories of brick were afterwards added to the flint-work structure, and a domed lantern, some twelve feet in height, was raised above the whole. This, with certain modifications, is the building which we now see, and to which admission may be readily obtained at any time between sunrise and sunset, Sundays, of course, excepted.

Sir John Meldrum, who erected the first light-house, was empowered to levy a toll of one penny per ton on all British, and twopence per ton on all foreign ships that passed the Foreland; he paying the crown a reserved annual rent of £20. The grant, which was only for 50 years, was renewed from time to time to various private individuals, the last of whom willed the remainder of his interest to Greenwich Hospital, which afterwards obtained a renewal of the grant for a further term of 99 years. When this term had expired, the North Foreland, with other light-houses, was transferred to the keeping of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, who gave the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital over £8,000 as a sort of compensation. Although the dues have been of late years largely reduced, it is understood that the light-house on the North Foreland is—what it ought hardly to be—a source of considerable annual profit.

Off this famous headland, Prince Rupert and Monk (Duke of Albe-marle), in command of fifty-four sail, gained a victory, after four days' fighting, in June, 1666, over the Dutch fleet, numbering half as many ships again, and commanded by De Ruyter. It was exactly a year after this naval engagement, that the Dutch, encountering no kind of opposition by the way, sailed up the Medway, and burnt several men-of-war in Chatham Dockyard.



ANCIENT GATEWAY, DANDELION.

# X.

## GARLINGE, DANDELION, BIRCHINGTON, AND QUEX—THE ABDUCTION OF SQUIRE CRISPE.

WE are bound on the present occasion for Birchington and Quex, by way of Garlinge and Dandelion. Our route lies in an easterly direction, past the Marine Parade and Marine Terrace—past the groups of bathing machines, with the bathers disporting themselves in the harbour, and the crowd of idlers looking on—past the two railway stations at Buenos Ayres—past the noble range of houses known as the Royal Crescent, and the Royal Sea Bathing Infirmary at Westbrook, an admirable charity founded so far back as 1792 by several benevolent individuals, at the head of whom was Dr. Lettsom, the fashionable physician of his day, and the object of which is to extend the advantages of sea air and sea bathing to poor and necessitous persons afflicted with such diseases as the treatment pursued at the institution is calculated to remove or alleviate. A few years back, with the view of giving new life to the charity, its honorary secretary, the Rev. J. Hodgson, at that time Vicar of St. Peter's, set on foot a five shilling annual subscription list, which produced as much as £600 in the course of the first year, and the result of which was that upwards of three hundred in-patients and nearly three hundred out-patients received relief from their infirmities. It is a regulation of the institution that each in-patient under fourteen years of age shall pay five shillings, and if over



fourteen, six shillings per week for his board. Out-patients pay merely one shilling per week for baths, medical advice, and medicine.

While crossing the bridge over the railway, we encounter a heavily laden donkey-chaise, driven at full speed down the steep incline by the youthful charioteer in charge of the fiery steeds, and bearing round to the left come to a footpath across the fields, which brings us to Garlinge, an ordinary enough looking little village, possessing, so far as we could see, none of those sylvan or rural beauties which the local guide books so liberally claim for it. Crossing a meadow on our right hand, in the direction of a pleasant looking grove of trees, we find ourselves in front of the picturesque gateway to the old knightly manor-house of Dandelion, which formerly stood where now stands the commonplace looking modern residence of which we catch a glimpse in the court-yard beyond. This fine old specimen of a fortified entrance to the ordinary domestic dwelling of the early [part of the 15th century, with its archways and four embattled corner towers pierced with loopholes, is in a very fair state of preservation. It is built of alternate layers of flint and brick, with mouldings and string courses of stone, and would seem to have been erected about half-a-century before the Wars of the Roses, in the bow and arrow age, when firearms and artillery were not. In the centre of the cornice which runs above the archways is a shield displaying the

arms of Daundelyon—sable, three lions rampant between two bars dancette, and at its extreme ends are two lions' heads. At the spring of the smaller archway on the one side is a demi-lion carved in stone, with a label issuing from his mouth on which is inscribed in antique characters the words—"Daun de lyon," and on the other side is a blank escutcheon.

Upwards of a century and a half ago, under the towers of the gatehouse adjoining this archway, a large chamber was discovered wherein were numerous lachrymatory urns, all more or less cracked and broken. How these remains of a remote age came where they were found is a puzzle to the antiquary, even at the present day. Beneath the opposite towers a well-prison formerly existed, with massive iron rings firmly fixed into the solid masonry, to which it is supposed unlucky prisoners and refractory retainers were at times chained up. The last male representative of the Daundelyons, whose effigy in brass is to be seen in Margate old church, died in 1445, when this manor passed to Petit of Shalmesford, who married John Daundelyon's only daughter and sole heiress. It continued in the possession of this family for something like three hundred years, and was then sold to Lord Holland, the owner of Kingsgate, who bequeathed it to his second son, Charles James Fox, who raised money on it from his father's former steward, to whom he afterwards sold it, together with the Kingsgate estate, to enable him to pay some gambling debts.

In a few years Daundelyon, or Dandelion as it has now come to be called, was converted into a kind of provincial Ranelagh, where public breakfasts and balls and concerts were given in the glare of a bright summer's day, and when beaux and belles carried on their flirtations in the shady alcoves and sequestered walks with which the grounds bounded. Players at bowls congregated around the bowling green, and numerous and heavy were the bets on the result of the game. A visitor to the spot, some eighty years since, vents his indignation at the proceedings he here witnessed in the following bit of superfine writing:—"Oh! how my resentment rose to see civic popinjays in paltry sports profane the spot where formerly native fierceness softened before the shrine of beauty, where sweet attention unbuckled the armour of war, and the love of one's country gave way to domestic affection!"

When Margate became less exclusive, and it was difficult to keep the company frequenting Dandelion select as it should have been, the prosperity of this once favourite place of public resort visibly declined, and somewhere about the year 1820 its handsome orchestra and platform for dancing were spirited away, and its shady alcoves razed to the ground. Dandelion then became the residence of Sir Thomas Staines, a naval celebrity, who lived here until the time of his death in 1830.

Birchington, which is about a couple of miles distant from Dandelion,

may be reached thence by a walk across the fields, or direct from Margate by the railway past Westgate—easily recognizable by a solitary white farm-house almost at the verge of the cliff and the adjacent coast-guard station—where was formerly a Roman fort, and where numerous fragments of pottery and coins of the empire have from time to time turned up. Westgate is celebrated in Thanet legendary history as the spot where Domneva's deer was let loose and bounded off across the island, never stopping until it arrived at Sheriff's Hope, near Minster. For the particulars of the singular legend we must refer the reader to our "Ramsgate Guide," where it will be found given at full length.

Birchington is one of those quiet—indeed almost sleepy sort of villages which require a railway to wake them up into something like life. As yet the railway has hardly disturbed its serene repose; what a few more years will accomplish time of course will shew. The church—the tower of which has this peculiarity, that it is placed at the south-east end of the edifice—stands in the centre of the village, and has been recently almost rebuilt and thoroughly restored in accordance with modern and more correct taste. The doorway at the west-end; which had been blocked up for generations, has been opened; the mouldings and tracery of the windows and the wooden framework of the roof are all new. The arches that divide the chancel from the adjoining chapels, and which were more or less bricked up, have been thrown open as we now see them. The white-wash has been scraped from the walls and from the pillars of the chancel and nave, the old boxed-in wooden pews have been supplanted by open benches, and the opera-box which was formerly perched aloft for use of the lord of the manor of Quex has been remorsefully carried away. The chancel has been paved with handsome tiles, and, save the want of a few stained glass windows—the church has but one at the north-west end—to give warmth and tone to the walls, the interior is all that the most scrupulous ecclesiologist could desire. There are several very old brasses scattered about the edifice; the oldest, which is in the north or Quex chapel, and which consists of a figure of a man in the ordinary habiliments of the time, with a smaller figure attired in precisely similar fashion, is to the memory of John Quex, who died in 1449. On an adjacent slab is the brass effigy of a man—name and date of death unknown—with an inscription of comparatively recent date incised in the upper portion of the stone, to Anne, wife of one Roger Smith. In the Quex chapel are several interesting monuments; among them is a large florid marble memorial to Anne Gertray Crispe, who, at her death, in 1708, left forty-seven acres of land for various charitable purposes, the revenue derived from which, besides accomplishing other desirable objects, educates at the present day, the entire youth of Birchington, and apprentices a limited number of them.

Adjoining this monument is one to John and to Sir Henry Crispe (father and son), and to each of their four wives, which comprises half a dozen life-size busts in high relief, finely sculptured in alabaster. From one of the inscriptions it would seem that this fine monument was erected during the lifetime of Sir Henry, who survived his second wife many years. It is evidently the work of some skilled Italian artist, and belongs to the middle of the seventeenth century.

Beneath this monument is a noble altar tomb, without date or inscription, but which, from the bearings on the shields sculptured on its face—namely, the three horseshoes—is believed to be that of the founder of the Crispe family. It is in a perfect state of preservation, and consists of recumbent life-size figures of a knight—clad in plate armour, over which he wears a hauberk of chain mail—and of his lady, the tight-fitting sleeves of whose dress are richly embroidered and the shoulder-pieces slashed, and whose coiffure appears to be daintily worked with embroidery along its edge. Her hands are clasped together on her breast as though in prayer, while the right arm of her lord is folded across his breast, his left reposing at his side; both of their feet rest on sculptured semblances of their favourite hounds. Immediately above this tomb is a crowned head with flowing hair and beard, which projects in high relief from the chapel wall.

In the south chapel is a most elaborate memorial—comprising some charmingly sculptured effigies, shewing traces of having been originally coloured in imitation of life, surrounded by shields, skulls, cupids and cherubims—to one of the Crispe family, namely, Henry Crispe and his wife Marie, “daughter of Sir Antony Colepepyr,” who had issue four sons and one daughter, of whom only two sons, Nicholas and Henry, survived their mother, who died in 1618. This Henry, the son, must have been the Squire Crispe, who was spirited away from Quex in the dead of night by one Captain Golding, and the particulars of whose romantic abduction we shall presently put the reader in possession of.

The monument is an extremely curious one. Pater and Mater Crispe are depicted beneath a double arch, kneeling on cushions at a sort of table, on the face of which is an inscription setting forth their names and the names of their progeny—he in a most elaborate ruff and in the bulkiest of breeches, the remainder of his figure being enveloped in plate armour; she in corresponding ruff and long embroidered gloves, with hood thrown over her head and cloak hanging loosely down her back. Behind the father are effigies *in petto* of his four sons, in very much the same sort of costume as that worn by their respected sire; the foremost of whom holds a human skull before him, while behind the mother is the little daughter, who also holds a skull in front of her, indicative that they were no longer in the flesh when this monument was erected. At the back of the arcade is a winged skull;

so that altogether this by no means pleasing reminder of our common mortality may be said to be adequately represented. In this chapel is the brass effigy of Mistress Margaret Crispe, depicted in the long flowing hood of the early part of the sixteenth century, and who died in the year 1528. In the centre aisle is another interesting sepulchral brass of the same period, representing one of the vicars of Monkton, John Heynes, who died in 1523. The registers of Birchington extend back for upwards of three centuries, to the year 1538, in fact.

Quex, which is situated about half a mile south-east of Birchington, is a place of some note in the records of the Isle of Thanet. It formerly belonged to the Crispe family, and the old manor house, a large and commodious brick and timber building, was the scene of a daring outrage in the year 1657, towards the latter days of the Commonwealth. In the month of August in the year in question, and in the dead stillness of an autumnal night, a party of desperadoes, headed by a certain Captain Golding, of Ramsgate, an out-and-out royalist, landed at Gore-end, near Birchington, whence they proceeded to Quex, when, having forced an entrance to the old manor house, they burst into the bedroom of the squire, a partizan of Cromwell's, and forcibly carried him off in his own carriage to the sea shore, where they thrust him on board an open boat, steadily refusing to permit a single one of his servants to accompany him. Setting sail, they made for Ostend, where they landed their prisoner; whom, after a time, they carried off to Bruges, then subject to the dominion of Spain, with which country England was at war. Squire Crispe had been evidently anticipating some outrage of the kind, for he had had the walls of his house pierced with loop-holes for musketry, in case it should be attacked, and had moreover thrown his doors open to such of his neighbours who were willing to reside with him at Quex, and assist in its defence. No resistance, however, appears to have been made on the occasion of this nocturnal attack, and Mr. Crispe, as already mentioned, was safely deposited at Bruges, there to remain a close prisoner until he chose to pay the large sum of £3000 for his ransom. All the old gentleman could do was to write to his nephew Thomas—his son being ill at the time—to come over and assist him in his dire extremity. Nephew Thomas, on his return, joined his endeavours to those of the squire's son, Sir Nicholas Crispe, and the two set to work to procure the squire's enlargement. An unforeseen difficulty, however, presented itself. Cromwell suspecting the entire affair to be merely a collusion among the parties concerned to get £3000 for Charles II., then beyond the seas in straitened circumstances, issued an order in council to the effect that Squire Crispe should not be ransomed. A special licence had therefore to be obtained before any active measures could be taken to procure the old gentleman's release, and

eight months altogether elapsed before the money was raised and Mr. Crispe liberated. On his return to this country, he resided at Quex until his death in 1663, and was commonly known as Bon-jour Crispe, from the fact of his having learnt only these two foreign words during his eight months' sojourn in the Low Countries.

What relationship existed between Henry Crispe, of Quex, thus spirited away on account it would appear of his roundhead sympathies, and the famous Sir Nicholas Crispe, the London merchant, who was one of Charles the First's most faithful adherents, who began by sacrificing his fortune in the King's behalf, and ended by going into exile at his death, we are unable to say, but that they were both of the same family and bore the same arms is quite certain. At the restoration, Sir Nicholas, who lived at Hammersmith, erected in the little church there a bronze bust of his late royal master, and, at his death, an urn containing the worthy merchant's heart was placed beneath the bust of the King. "Lay my body," said he to his grandson, when on his death bed, "in our family vault, in St. Mildred's, Bread Street, but let my heart be placed in an urn at my master's feet." His request was complied with, and on the pedestal which supports the urn was engraved this inscription: "Within this urn is entombed the heart of Sir Nicholas Crispe, Knight and Baronet, a loyal sharer in the sufferings of his late and present majesty."

It was at the old manor house of Quex that King William III. used to make a point of staying while waiting for a fair wind for Holland. At such times the King's Dutch guards, who usually accompanied him, were accustomed to encamp in an adjoining enclosure. Years ago, ere the present modern mansion was built, the bed-chamber where the king slept used to be an object of great attraction to visitors from Margate.

Passing through the lodge-gate, we approach the present building by way of a winding road, bounded on the one hand by corn fields, and on the other by a dense plantation. After a time we find ourselves in a handsome shrubbery, and, passing an embattled round tower on our left hand, come upon a couple of pieces of brass ordnance upwards of a century old. In an adjacent paddock, at least a dozen cannon, mounted on carriages, will be observed, at no great distance from the house. The present proprietor of Quex is therefore well prepared against any attempt of a similar character to that which we have just described.

The mansion, which consists of a centre and two wings, is by no means an imposing structure. In the grounds, hemmed in by a belt of fir trees, is a somewhat lofty gothic tower, with an open iron-work steeple, which is said to contain a fine peal of bells. This erection goes by the name of the Waterloo tower, and forms rather a pleasing object in the landscape for miles around.



## XI.

### A WRECK ON THE MARGATE SANDS.

THE following graphic account of "A Wreck off Margate," appeared originally in *Macmillan's Magazine*:—

The night of Sunday, the 12th of February, 1860, was what sailors call a very dirty night. Heavy masses of cloud skirted the horizon as the sun set; and, as the night drew on, violent gusts of wind swept along, accompanied with snow-squalls. It was a dangerous time for vessels in the channel, and it proved fatal to one at least.

Before the light broke on Monday morning, the 13th, the Margate lugger, *Eclipse*, put out to sea to cruise around the sands and shoals in the neighbourhood of Margate, on the lookout for any disasters that might have occurred during the night. The crew soon discovered that a vessel was ashore on the Margate Sands, and directly made for her. She proved to be the Spanish brig *Samaritano*, of 170 tons, bound from Antwerp to Santander, and laden with a valuable and miscellaneous cargo. Her crew consisted of the captain, and eleven men. It seems that, during a violent squall of snow and wind, the vessel was driven on the Sands at about half-past five in the morning; the crew attempted to put off in the ship's boats, but in vain; the oars were broken in the attempt, and the boats stove in.

The lugger, *Eclipse*, as she was running for the brig, spoke a Whitstable smack, and borrowed two of her men and her boat. They boarded the vessel as the tide went down, and hoped to be able to get her off at high water. For this purpose six Margate boatmen and two of the Whitstable men were left on board; but with the rising tide, the gale came on again in all its fury, and they soon gave up all hopes of saving the vessel. They hoisted their boat on board, and all hands began to feel that it was no longer a question of saving the vessel, but of saving their own lives. The sea began to break furiously over the wreck, lifting her, and then bumping her with crushing force upon the Sands. Her timbers did not long withstand this trial of their strength; a hole was soon knocked in her; she filled with water, and settled down upon the Sand. The waves began now to break over the deck; the boat was speedily knocked to pieces and swept overboard; the hatches were forced up, and some of the cargo floated on deck, and was washed away. The brig began to roll fearfully as the waves one after another crashed over her; and the men fearing that she would be forced on her broadside, cut the weather-rigging of the mainmast, and it was speedily swept overboard. All hands now sought

refuge in the fore-rigging. Nineteen lives had then no other hope between them and a terrible death than the few shrouds of that shaking mast. The sea swept by them with hurricane force: each wave that broke upon the vessel sprang up into columns of foam, and drenched them to the skin: the air was full of spray and sleet, which froze upon them as it fell. And thus they waited, hour after hour, and no help came, until one and all despaired of life.

In the meanwhile, news of the wreck had speak like wildfire through Margate. In spite of the gale and the blinding snow-squalls, many struggled to the cliff, and with spy-glasses tried to penetrate the flying scud, or to gain, through the breaks in the storm, glimpses of the wreck.

As soon as they saw the peril the crew of the brig were in, the smaller of the two Margate lifeboats was manned, and made to the rescue. But all the efforts of her crew were in vain; the gale was furious, and the sea broke over and filled the boat. This her gallant crew heeded little at first, for they had every confidence in the powers of the boat to ride safely through any storm, her air-tight compartments preventing her from sinking; but to their dismay they found that she was losing her buoyancy and fast becoming unmanageable; she was filling with water, which came up to the men's waists. The air-boxes had evidently filled; and they remembered, too late, that the valves with which each box is provided, in order to let out any water that may leak in, had, in the excitement of starting, been left unscrewed. Their boat was then no longer a lifeboat, and the struggle became one for their own safety. Although then within a quarter of a mile of the brig, there was no help for it; the boat was unmanageable, and the only chance of life left to the boatmen was to run her ashore as soon as possible on the nearest part of the coast. It was doubtful whether they would be able to do even this, and it was not until after four hours' battling with the sea and gale that they succeeded in getting ashore in Westgate Bay. There the coast-guard were ready to receive them, and did their best to revive the exhausted men. As soon as it was discovered that the first lifeboat had become disabled, the big lifeboat *The Friend of all Nations*, was got ready. With much trouble it was dragged round to the other side of the pier, and there launched. Away she started, her brave crew doing their utmost to battle with the gale and work their way out to the brig; but all their efforts were in vain. The tremendous wind and sea overpowered them; the tiller gave way; and, after a hard struggle, this lifeboat was driven ashore about a mile from the town.

With both their lifeboats wrecked, the Margate people gave up all hopes of saving the crew of the vessel. There seemed no hope for it; they must be content to let them perish within their sight. But this should not be

the case until every possible effort had been made : and two luggers, *The Nelson* and *The Lively*, undaunted by the fate of the lifeboats, put off to the rescue. The fate of one was soon settled ; a fearful squall of wind caught her before she had got many hundred yards clear of the pier, and swept her foremast out of her ; and her crew, in turn, had to make every possible effort to avoid being driven on the shore-rocks and wrecked. The *Lively* was more fortunate ; she got to sea, but could not cross the Sand, or get to the wreck. The Margate people began to despair ; and when the tidings passed among the crowd that the lieutenant of the Margate coast-guard had sent an express over to Ramsgate for the Ramsgate steamer and lifeboat, it was thought impossible, on the one hand, that they could make their way round the North Foreland in the teeth of so tremendous a gale ; or, on the other, that the ship could hold together, or the crew live, exposed as they were in the rigging, during the time it would of necessity take for the steamer and boat to get to them.

Shortly after twelve, the coast-guard man from Margate hastened breathless to the pier and to the harbour-master's office at Ramsgate, saying, in answer to eager inquiries, as he hurried on, that the two Margate lifeboats had been wrecked, and that the Ramsgate boat was wanted. The harbour-master immediately gave the order to man the lifeboat. No sooner had the words passed his lips, than the sailors who had crowded around the door of the office in expectation of the order, rushed away to the boat. First come, first in ; not a moment's hesitation, not a thought of further clothing ! The news soon spread ; each boatman as he heard it made a hasty snatch at his south-wester cap and bag of waterproof overalls, and raced down to the boat ; and for some time boatman after boatman was to be seen rushing down the pier, hoping to find a place still vacant for him. If the race had been to save their own lives, instead of to risk them, it could scarcely have been more hotly contested. Some of those who had won the race, and were in the boat, were ill prepared with clothing for the hardships they would have to endure ; for, if they had not their things at hand, they would not delay a moment to obtain them, fearing that the crew might be made up before they got there. These were supplied by the generosity of their friends, who had come down better prepared, although too late for the enterprise ; the cork jackets were thrown down into the boat, and put on by the men. The powerful steam-tug *Aid*, belonging to the harbour, and which has her steam up night and day ready for any emergency that may arise, got her steam to full power, and took the boat in tow, and made her way out of the harbour.

As soon as the steamer and boat got clear of the pier, they felt the full force of the storm, and it seemed almost doubtful whether they could make any progress against it. Getting out of the force of the tide as it

swept round the pier, they began to move ahead, and were soon ploughing their way through a perfect sea of foam. The steamer, with engines working full power, plunged along; every wave, as it broke over her bows, flying up, sent its spray mast high, and deluged the deck with a tide of water, which, as it swept aft, gave the men on board enough to do to hold on. The life-boat was towing astern, with fifty fathom of five-inch hawser—an enormously strong rope, about the thickness of a man's wrist. The waves that broke over her drenched and deluged, and did everything but drown her. The men, from the moment of their clearing the pier to that of their return, were up to their knees in water. They bent forward as much as they could, each with a firm hold upon the boat. The spray and waves beat and broke upon their backs; and, although it could not penetrate their waterproof clothing, it chilled them to the bone—for as it fell it froze. So bitter was the cold that their very mittens were frozen to their hands. After a tremendous struggle, the steamer seemed to be making head against the storm: they were well clear of the pier, settled to their work, and getting on gallantly. They passed through the End Channel, and had passed the Black and White Buoys, when a fearful sea came heading towards them. It met and broke over the steamer, buried her in foam, and swept along. The life-boat rose to it, and then, as she felt the strain on the rope, plunged into it stem on, and was for a moment nearly buried. The men were almost washed out of her; but at that moment the tow-rope gave way to the tremendous strain; the boat, lifted with a jerk, was flung round by the force of the wave, and for a moment seemed at the mercy of the sea which broke over her amidships. "Oars out!" was the cry as soon as the men had got their breath. They laboured and laboured to get the boat's head to the wind, but in vain; the force of the gale was too much for them, and, in spite of all their efforts, they drifted fast to the Broke Shoal, over which the sea was beating heavily; but the steamer, which throughout was handled admirably, both as regards skill and bravery, was put round as swiftly as possible, and very cleverly brought within a yard or two windward of the boat as she lay athwart the sea. They threw a hauling-line on board, to which was attached a bran-new hawser, and again took the boat in tow.

The tide was flowing, and as it rose, the wind came up in heavier and heavier gusts, bringing with it a blinding snow and sleet, which, with the foam flew through the boat, still freezing as it fell, till the men looked, as one remarked at the time, like a body of ice. It was a long struggle ere they reached the North Foreland. There the sea was running tremendously high. The gale was still increasing; the snow, and sleet, and spray rushed by with hurricane speed. Although it was only the early afternoon, the air was so darkened with the storm, that it seemed a dull twi-

light. The captain of the boat was steering; he peered out between his coat-collar and cap, but looked in vain for the steamer. He knew that she was all right, for the rope kept tight; but many times, although she was only 100 yards ahead, he could see nothing of her. Still less able were the men on board the steamboat to see the lifeboat. Often did they anxiously look astern and watch for a break in the drift and scud to see that she was all right; for, although they still felt the strain upon the rope, she might be towing along bottom up, or with every man washed out of her, for anything they could tell.

As soon as they were round the North Foreland, the snow squall cleared, and they sighted Margate, all anxiously looking for the wreck; but nothing of her was to be seen. They saw a lugger riding just clear of the pier, with foremast gone, and anchor down, to prevent her being driven ashore by the gale. They next sighted the Margate lifeboat, abandoned and washed ashore, in Westgate Bay, looking a complete wreck, the waves breaking over her. A little beyond this, they caught sight of the second lifeboat, also ashore; and then they learnt to realize to the full the gallant efforts that had been made to save the shipwrecked, and the destruction that had been wrought, as effort after effort had been overcome by the fury of the gale.

But where was the wreck? They could see nothing of her; had she been beaten to pieces, all lives lost, and were they too late? A heavy mass of cloud and snow-storm rolled on to windward of them, in the direction of the Margate Sands, and they could not make out any signs of the wreck. There was just a chance that it was the Woolpack Sand that she was on. Accordingly they determined to make for there, about three miles further on. They had scarcely decided upon this when, most providentially, there was a break in the drift of snow to windward, and they suddenly caught sight of the wreck. But for this sudden clearance in the storm they would have proceeded on, and before they could have found out their mistake and got back, every soul must have perished. The master of the steamboat made out the flag of distress flying in the rigging, the ensign union downwards; she was doubtless the vessel they were in search of. But still it was a question how they could get to her, as she was on the other side of the Sand. To tow the boat round the Sand would be a long job in the face of such a gale; and for the boat to make across it seemed almost impossible, so tremendous was the sea which was running over it. Nevertheless, without hesitation, they cast off the tow-rope, and were about setting sail, when they found that the tide was running so furiously that it would be necessary for them to be towed at least three miles to the eastward before they would be sufficiently far to windward to fetch the wreck. It was a hard struggle to get the tow-rope on board again, and a heavy

disappointment to all to find that an hour or so more of their precious time must be consumed before they could get to the rescue of their perishing brother seamen; but there was no help for it, and away they went again in tow of the steamer.

For twenty minutes or so they battled against the wind and tide. The gale, which had been steadily increasing since the morning, came on heavier than ever; and the sea was running so furiously that even the new rope with which the boat was being towed could not resist the increasing strain, and suddenly parted with a tremendous jerk. There was no thought of picking up the cable again. The lifeboat crew could stand no further delay, and one and all rejoiced to hear the captain give orders to set the sail.

As they headed for the Sands, a darkness as of night seemed to settle down upon them; but on through the raging sea they drove the gallant boat. As they approached the shallow water,—the high part of the Sand, where the heaviest sea was breaking,—they could see spreading itself before them standing out in the gloom, a barrier wall of foam; for as the waves broke on the Sand, and clashed together in their recoil, they mounted up in columns of foam, which were caught by the wind, and carried away in white steaming clouds of spray, and the fearful roar of the beating waves could be heard above the gale. But straight for the breakers they made. No wavering—no hesitation; not a heart failed.

The boat, although only under her double-reefed foresail and mizen—as little sail as she could possibly carry—was driven on by the hurricane force of the wind. On through the outer range of breakers she plunged, and then came indeed a struggle for life. The waves no longer rolled on in foaming ranks, but leapt, and clashed, and battled together in a raging sea. They broke over the boat, threatening to sweep every man out of her. “Look out, my men! hold on! hold on!” was the cry when this happened; and each man threw himself down with his breast on the thwart, and with both arms clasped round it, hugged it, and held to it against the tear and wrestle of the wave, while the rush of water poured over their backs and heads and buried them in its flood. Down for a moment boat and men all seemed to sink; but the splendid boat rose in her buoyancy and freed herself of the water which had for a moment buried her, and her crew breathed again. Until they were clear of the Sands, the fearful struggle was often repeated. But at last it ended, and they got into deep water, leaving the breakers behind them. They had then only the huge rolling waves to contend with, and they seemed but as little in comparison to the broken water they had just passed through and escaped from. The boat was put before the wind, and every man was on the look-out for the wreck which a sudden break in the storm revealed. She was about half a mile

to leeward. The crew shifted their foresail with some difficulty, and again made in for the Sands to the vessel. The appearance of the wreck made even the boatmen shudder. She had settled down upon the stern by the Sands, the sea making a clear breach over her. The starboard-bow was the only part of the hull visible; the mainmast was gone; the foresail and the foretopsail blown adrift; and great columns of foam were mounting up, flying over her foremast and bow. They saw a Margate lugger lying at anchor just clear of the Sand, and made close to her. As they shot by they could just make out through the roar of the storm a hail—"Eight of our men on board!" and on they flew into a sea which would in a moment have swamped the lugger—noble boat though she was. Approaching the wreck, it was with terrible anxiety they strained their sight, trying to discover whether there were still any men left in the tangled mass of rigging, over which the sea was breaking so furiously. By degrees they made them out. "I see one, two, three! The rigging is full of them!" was the cry; and with a cheer of triumph at being still in time, they settled to their work.

The wreck of the mainmast, and the tremendous wash of the sea over the vessel, prevented their going to the lee of the wreck. This increased the danger tenfold, as the result proved. About forty yards from the wreck, they lowered their sails, and cast the anchor over the side. The moment for which the boat had so gallantly battled for four hours, and the shipwrecked waited, in almost despair, for eight, had at last arrived. No shouting, no whisper beyond the necessary orders; the suspense and risk are too terrible! Yard by yard the cable is cautiously payed out, and the great rolling seas are allowed to carry the boat little by little to the vessel. The waves break over them—for a moment bury the boat; and then, as they break upon the vessel, the spray hides the men, lashed to the rigging, from their sight. They hoist up the sail a little to help the boat sheer, and soon a huge wave lifts them: they let out a yard or two more cable by the run, and she is alongside the wreck! With a cry, three men jump from the rigging and are saved. The next instant they see a huge wave rolling towards them, and might and main, hand over hand, all haul in the cable, and draw the boat away from the wreck, and thus escape being washed against her, and perhaps over her, to certain destruction. Again they watch their chance, and get alongside. This time they manage to remain a little longer than before; and, one after another, thirteen of the shipwrecked leap from the rigging to the boat; and away she is again. "Are they all saved?" No; three of the Spaniards are still left in the rigging; they seem almost dead, and can scarcely unlash themselves from the shrouds, and crawl down, ready for the return of the boat. This time the peril is greater than ever. They have to go quite close to the vessel,

for the men are too weak to leap : they must remain longer, for the men have to be lifted on board ; but as before, coolly and determinately they go to their work ; the cable is veered out, the sail manœuvred to make the boat sheer, and again she is alongside ; the men are grasped by their clothes, and dragged into the boat. The last in the rigging is the cabin-boy ; he seems entangled in the shrouds. The poor little fellow had a canvass bag of trinkets and things he was taking home, and which had caught in the rigging, and his cold, half-dead hands could not free it. A strong hand grasps him, and tears him down into the boat ; for a moment's delay may be death to all. A tremendous wave rushes on them ; hold, anchor, hold ! cable, give but a yard, and all are lost ! The boat lifts, is washed into the fore-rigging ; the sea passes ; and she settles down upon an even keel ! If one stray rope of all the tangled rigging of the vessel had caught the boat, she would have capsized, and every man in her have been in a moment shaken into the sea. The boat is very crowded ; no fewer than thirty-two men now form her precious freight. They haul in cable, and draw up to the anchor as quickly as they can, to get clear of the wreck : an anxious time it is. At last they are pretty clear, and hoist the sail to draw still further away. There is no thought of getting the anchor on board in such a gale and sea. "She draws away," cries the captain ; "pay out the cable ; stand by to cut it ; pass the hatchet forward ; cut the cable ; quick, my men, quick !" There is a moment's delay. A sailor takes out his knife, and begins gashing away at the thick rope. Already one strand out of the three is severed, when a fearful gust of wind rushes by ; a crash is heard, and the mast and sail are blown clean out of the boat. Never was a moment of greater peril. Away with the rush of the wave the boat is again carried straight for the fatal wreck ; the cable is payed out, and is slack ; they haul it in as fast as they can ; but on they go swiftly, apparently to certain destruction. Let them hit the wreck full, and the next wave must wash them over it, and all perish ; let them but touch it, and the risk is fearful. On they are carried ; the stern of the boat just grazes the bow of the ship. Some of the crew are ready for a spring into the bowsprit, to prolong their lives a few minutes. Mercifully, the cable at that moment taughtens ; another yard or two and the boat must have been dashed to pieces. Might and main they continue to haul in the cable, and again draw away from the wreck : but they do it with a terrible dread, for they remember the cut strand of the rope. Will the remaining two strands hold ? The strain is fearful ; each time the boat lifts on a wave, the cable tightens and jerks, and they think it breaking ; but it still holds, and a thrill of joy passes through the hearts of all as they hear that the cut part is in. The position is still one of extreme peril. The mast and sail have been dragging over the side all this time ; with



much difficulty they get them on board. The mast had broke short off, about three feet from the heel. They chop a new heel to it, and rig it up again as speedily as possible: but it takes long to do so. The boat is lying in the trough of the sea, the waves breaking over her; the gale blowing as hard as ever; the boat so crowded that they can hardly move. But the work went on; at last the mast is fitted and raised. No unnecessary word is spoken all this time, for the life and death struggle is not yet over, nor can be until they are well away from the neighbourhood of the wreck; but as they hoist the sail, the boat draws gradually away, the cable is again payed out little by little, and as soon as they are well clear of the vessel, they cut it, and away they go.

The terrible suspense—when each moment was a moment of fearful risk—from the time they let go their anchor to the time they were clear of the vessel, was over. It had lasted nearly an hour. The men could now breathe freely; their faces brightened; and from one and all there arose, spontaneously, a pealing cheer. They were no longer face to face with death, and joyfully and thankfully they sailed away from the breakers, the sands and the wreck. The gale was still at its height, but the peril they were in then seemed as nothing compared to that which they had left behind. In the great reaction of feeling the freezing cold and sleet, the driving foam and sea, were all forgotten; and they felt as light-hearted as if they were out on a pleasant summer's cruise. They could at last look around and see whom they had in the boat. Of the saved were eleven Spaniards—the master of the brig, the mate, eight seamen, and a boy; six Margate boatmen, and two Whitstable fishermen. They then proceeded in search of the steamer, which, after casting the lifeboat adrift, had made for shelter to the back of the Hook Sand, not far from the Reculvers, and there waited, her crew anxiously on the look-out for the return of the lifeboat. As they were making for the steamer, the lugger, *Eclipse*, came in chase, to hear whether all hands, and especially her men had been saved. They welcomed the glad tidings with three cheers for the lifeboat crew. Soon after the Whitstable smack stood towards them on the same errand, and after speaking them, tacked in for the land. The night was coming on apace. It was not until they had run three or four miles that they sighted the steamer; and when they got alongside, it was a difficult matter to get the saved crew on board. The gale was as hard as ever, and the steamer rolled heavily; the men had almost to be lifted on board as opportunities occurred; and one poor fellow was so thoroughly exhausted that they had to haul him into the steamer with a rope.

Again the boat was taken in tow, almost all her crew remaining in her, and they commenced their return home. The night was very dark,

although clear ; the sea and gale had lost none of their force ; and until they got well round the North Foreland, the struggle to get back was just as hard as it had been to get there. Once round the Foreland, the wind was well aft, and they made easier way ; light after light opened to them ; Kingsgate and Broadstairs were passed ; and at last the Ramsgate pierhead light shone forth its welcome, and they began to feel that their work was nearly over.

A telegram had been sent from Margate, in the afternoon, stating that the Ramsgate lifeboat had been seen to save the crew ; but nothing more had been heard, and the suspense of the boatmen at Ramsgate, as they waited for the lifeboat's return, was terrible. During the whole of the afternoon and evening, anxiously eyes were constantly on the watch for the first signs of the boat's coming round the head of the cliff. When the steamer was first seen with the lifeboat in tow, the lookers-on shouted for very joy ; as they entered the harbour, and hailed "All saved !" cheer after cheer for the lifeboat's crew broke from the crowd.



## XII.

### RECVLVER—THE ROMAN CASTRUM—THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.— THE LEGEND OF THE PLACE.

THE best way to visit Reculver from Margate is by means of a sailing or rowing boat; pedestrians can take the rail to Birchington, from whence a somewhat lonely walk of three miles or so along the cliffs will bring them to their destination. Herne Bay is by far the most convenient place to get to Reculver from, as you can be rowed to the foot of the twin towers in little more than half an hour—or can, if you prefer it, walk across the downs, or drive through Hillsborough and past Brook House, where is an ancient brick gateway belonging to the old manor-house that formerly occupied this spot, and which the bumpkins of the neighbourhood have been taught to believe is a genuine remnant of King Ethelbert's palace.

Suppose preference to be given to the route by water; then, wind and tide serving, after a pleasant row or sail, passing on our way the famous "Pudding-pan rock," where, upwards of eighteen centuries ago, a Roman merchant-vessel, with a cargo of pottery on board, is believed to have been wrecked, we run the boat on the beach, and plant our foot on the famous "Rutupian shore," sung by Juvenal, and other poets of the Empire. This part of the Kentish coast was celebrated in those days, as now, for its bivalve delicacies, and the Roman gourmand, Juvenal tells us—

"Knew at first taste  
Whether Circe's Rock his oysters bore,  
Or Lucrine Lake, or the Rutupian shore,"

and that the legions located on the spot had their share of the luxury was evidenced a few years since by the discovery of an enormous bed of calcined oyster-shells which were brought to light on a portion of the cliff giving way.

The walls of the famous Roman castrum, that guarded the entrance to the Rutupian Straits, known by the Saxons as the Wantsum, and in more recent times as the Stour, still exist on the three land sides of a raised plateau. "Although it was once the key of the northern mouth of the great estuary, it did not overhang the sea on the northern cliff, as the old church-ruin does now. When the Roman legions were here encamped, it stood far away from the dashing of the northern tide, which for many generations has been here invading the land with an irresistible power. Century after century has the wave been gnawing at this cliff; and as

successive portions have fallen, the bare sides have presented human bones, and coins, and fragments of pottery and tessellated pavements, which told that man had been here, with his comforts and luxuries around him, long before Ethelbert was laid beneath the floor of the Saxon church, upon whose ruins the sister-spires of the Norman edifice rose, themselves to become a ruin, and preserved only as a sea-mark."

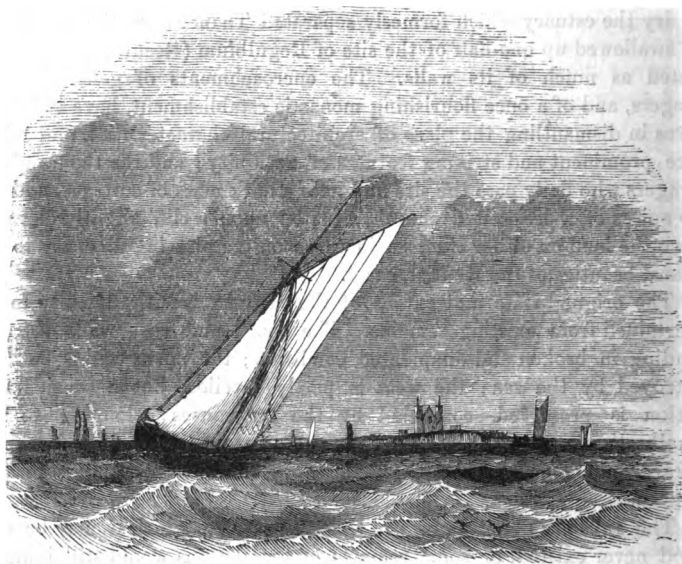
"The Reculver of to-day presents a very different aspect to that of its companion-fortress, Richborough. The vestiges of the walls of the castrum want the solemn grandeur and impressive majesty of loneliness, which distinguish the more perfect remains of its ancient ally. The capricious sea, which has deserted its old boundaries at Richborough and left dry the estuary which formerly separated Thanet from the mainland, has swallowed up one-half of the site of Regulbium (Reculver), and annihilated as much of its walls. The encroachments of generations of villagers, and of a once flourishing monastic establishment, have aided the waves in dismantling the place of architectural characteristics, and of its more prominent and striking features of antiquity; and the thousands of voyagers who daily pass the site and note a dark mass of cottages, and the two spires of a desecrated church, situated upon a cliff slightly elevated above the land on either side, see in these only a pleasing diversity to the natural beauties of the Kentish coast.

"The original state and extent of the castrum is with difficulty to be ascertained from existing remains. The south and east walls are yet standing in broken and dilapidated condition; the north wall is entirely destroyed by the sea; the west is partly levelled, but a considerable portion is preserved—concealed by the out-houses belonging to the Ethelbert's Arms. The castrum when entire appears to have occupied upwards of eight acres, and the area within the walls measured upwards of seven.

"The walls are destitute of any traces of towers, which it may be supposed never existed, or some remains of foundations would still indicate their position. Neither does there appear to have been more than one entrance, which was in the centre of the west wall, opposite the church; for, like Richborough, the castrum was walled completely on the four sides—an arrangement which the nature of the site rendered unavoidable. The thickness of the walls must have been from eleven to twelve feet; their present height on the exterior is about twelve feet. The walls are built mainly of flints and pebbles. The chief peculiarity of the masonry is the absence of tiles, which at Richborough, Lymme, and similar places, form so conspicuous a feature." (*C. Roach Smith.*)

The wall of the castrum may be traced from its north-east angle, at the very edge of the cliff, along the entire east side, with merely a single break

in it, where the footpath leads past the rear of the cottages of the coast-guard. On the south side it is equally perfect. Portions of it seem to have been undermined by the sandy soil at the base having been removed or washed away; still it stands, to all appearances, firm as any rock. Here and there hazel bushes cluster round its base; while ivy grows and flourishes along its crest, above which elder-bushes and wild fig-trees are occasionally seen to tower. The wall on the western side is very imperfect, but portions of it are, as before stated, hidden by the out-buildings of the Ethelbert's Arms, a quaint little hostelry, where the visitor will meet with perhaps rude fare, but with certainly the most civil attention.

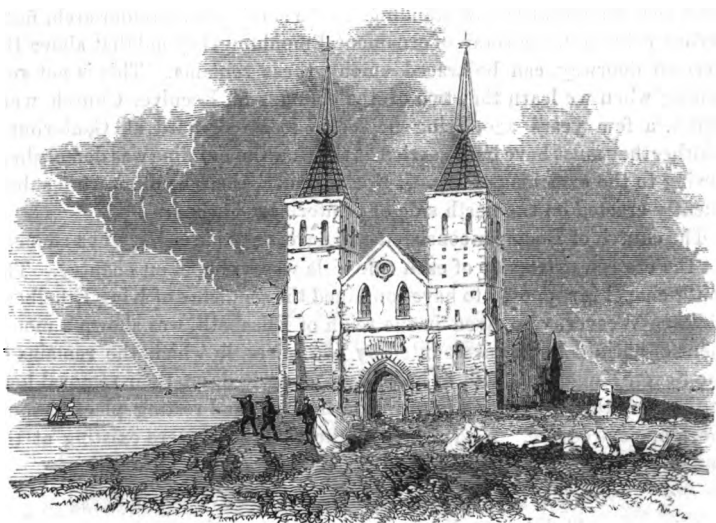


RECVLVER FROM THE SEA.

The ancient church of Reculver, so interesting an object to voyagers up or down the Channel, and a remarkable feature in the landscape for many miles around, is now a complete ruin. Little more than half a century ago the church was in a tolerable state of repair, but the parishioners, panic-struck by the encroachments of the sea on the base of the mouldering cliff—instead of making proper efforts to protect it from further ravages—decided upon doing, what it is now evident neither sea nor storm would have done unaided, namely, to demolish the venerable edifice, and erect a new church some distance inland. When the work of demolition was somewhat advanced, the Corporation of the Trinity House stepped in and

purchased the towers, with the view of preserving them to serve as landmarks on this somewhat dangerous coast; at the same time taking steps, which proved emipently efficient, to protect the cliff against further encroachments.

Archæologists conceive the church of Reculver to have been erected subsequent to the Conquest, and, indeed, so recently as the middle of the twelfth century; the materials of some more ancient edifice having been largely used in its construction. The western-front, the most perfect portion of the building, seems to have been much patched up and repaired, but the original walls appear to be formed of layers of Roman brick, rough



RECVLVER CHURCH.

hewn stone, and flints. The moulding above the principal doorway, which is an obtuse-pointed arch, is of the ordinary Norman zigzag pattern. The towers, which are at this end of the building, bid fair to stand for centuries to come. If we glance at the inside of them, we shall see that the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, in the steps taken by them to uphold these towers as a landmark, have violated a good many laws of architectural propriety. They have erected brick-piers and buttresses, and have turned arches and introduced mouldings, where neither piers, buttresses, arches, nor mouldings existed before. The spires surmounting the towers are mere cages of open wood-work, terminating in certain hieroglyphic forms, which can only be compared to arrows enflading

gridirons, but which have, no doubt, a certain significance to mariners at sea. The following inscription, setting forth what the Elder Brethren have done, will be noticed above the western doorway :—

“These towers, the remains of the once venerable Church of Reculver, were purchased of the Parish by the Corporation of the Trinity House of Deptford Strond, in the year 1810, and groins laid down at their expense to protect the cliff on which the church had stood. When the ancient spires were afterwards blown down, the present substitutes were erected to render the towers still sufficiently conspicuous to be useful to navigation.—CAPTAIN JOSEPH COTTON, Deputy-Master, in the year 1819.”

Merely a few patches of the side walls of the edifice, with portions of the massive buttresses, are now standing. Not a single semi-circular arch, not a perfect column, not a scrap of ornamental moulding, beyond that above the western doorway, can be traced among these remains. This is not surprising when we learn that two of the columns of Reculver Church were found, a few years ago, lying neglected in an orchard at Canterbury, whither they must have been carried at the time the building was demolished. Owing to the exertions of Mr. C. Roach Smith, these columns were subsequently erected on the north side of Canterbury Cathedral.

The church of Reculver consisted of a nave, two side aisles, and a chancel. At the eastern extremity of each side aisle was a chapel or chantry. The south chapel is supposed to have contained the sepulchre of King Ethelbert, for here Weever, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth, was shown a monument of antique form, surmounted by two spires, in which the remains of the Saxon King were said to have been deposited, on their removal here at the time the church was built, from their original resting place in some more ancient edifice. No remains of the monument were existing at the end of the last century, but on the chapel wall was this inscription—

“Here, as historiographers have said,  
St. Ethelbert, Kent's whilome king was laid,  
Whom St. Augustine with the gospel entertained,  
Which in this land hath ever since remained,  
Who, when by cruel Pagans he was slain,  
The crown of martyrdom did thus obtain.  
Who died on the 24th day of February, in the year 616.”

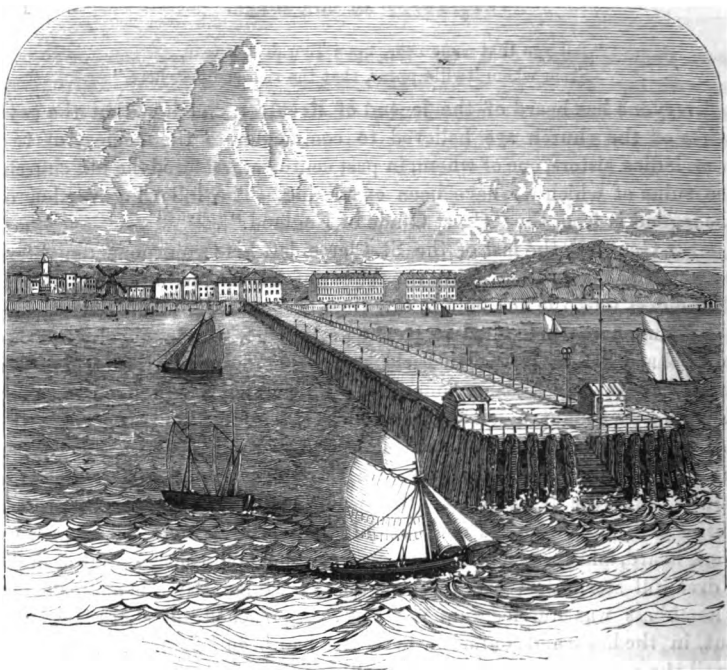
There were many interesting monuments in the old church, the chief of which were wantonly destroyed at the time the building was demolished ; among others a particularly fine one to Sir Cavalero Maycote, who lived in state at Brook House, hard by ; another to Ralph Brooke, York Herald, remembered for the acrimony with which he attacked Camden the antiquary ; and a quaint Latin inscription upon a plain stone, which has been thus rendered into English—

"All you that come near, upon Tom drop a tear,  
From whom 'twill appear, that the rich are poor here."

Everyone has heard of the legend of Reculver, and how that the twin spires of the church are believed to commemorate the memory of two pious ladies, sisters, one of whom, in past centuries, restored the old church, the ruins of which we have been examining. The following version of the legend is from the "Coast Guide of England."

"Sir Geoffrey, the last of the St. Clares, left his two orphan daughters as wards to his brother John, the Abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury. The eldest took the veil, and in due time became Abbess of Faverham; the younger was betrothed to Henry de Belville, who fought by the side of Richard III. at Bosworth Field, and being desperately wounded, was carried to the Blackfriars monastery, in Leicester, where he died. The lady at once sought a home in the cloister, and for fourteen years the sisters passed a calm and uneventful life, until Frances, the Lady Abbess, was seized with a marsh fever. In their distress, the two fond women vowed that if the disease abated they would make an offering at St. Mary's shrine at Bradstow (now Broadstairs) in the Isle of Thanet. Their prayers were heard, and they took ship to perform their pilgrimage; but at night a dreadful storm drove their vessel on the Horse Bank, near this coast. The abbess was hurried into the boat, and reached the shore in safety; but, in the haste and confusion, her sister had been forgotten. It was not until the morning that the wreck could be reached, and then, half-dead with cold and fear, the Lady Isabella was only rescued to die in her sister's arms, as she touched the land. Alone and on foot the abbess went her way to Bradstow, and on her return repaired the old church here. Eleven years passed away, and the twin towers, restored by her bounty, became the monuments of the abbess and the nun—the two loving women who lay side by side beneath their shadow;—and they bore henceforth the name of the Two Sisters."





HERNE BAY FROM THE SEA.

### XIII.

HERNE BAY—THE PARADE—THE PIER—THE VILLAGE AND CHURCH  
OF HERNE—FORD PALACE AND BROOK HOUSE—HAMPTON—THE  
DOWNS.

A SORT of fatality seems to hang over Herne Bay, a spot which possesses, one would think, natural attractions of its own, sufficient to have insured for it a career of uninterrupted prosperity. Here is a fine beach, admirably adapted for bathing; a sheltered bay, open, nevertheless, on the south to the fresh breezes of the German Ocean, a beautifully wooded, and charmingly diversified inland country, and, with the exception of Brighton, the nearest point of sea coast to the great metropolis, from which it is distant, as the crow flies, something short of sixty miles. Just as Herne Bay, however, has managed to secure its direct line of railway, it is compelled to forego the advantages and attractions of its pier, which is in a sufficiently advanced stage of decay to be permanently closed to the public. Still with a railway, which brings visitors down from London in little

more than a couple of hours, Herne Bay can very well manage to put up with the loss of its steamboat communication with the metropolis, which was never to be entirely depended upon. It is mainly as a promenade for visitors that the pier will be missed.

We have already described the journey by rail along the London, Chatham and Dover, and Kent coast lines, so that, with the reader's permission, we will consider ourselves as just arrived at the Herne Bay station, situated rather more than a quarter of a mile from the town, in the direction of which we at once proceed, intending to make our way to the pleasantest part of it, namely, the Parade. It would be affectation to pretend that our first impressions of Herne Bay are not somewhat melancholy in character. The place presents a too vivid picture of decay in action to be entirely pleasant. You encounter tumble-down carcasses of houses at the very entrance of the town; you meet with the ruins of a church, the walls of which have never been raised more than 8 feet from the ground; on one's right hand and on one's left are houses not more than half-completed, already in a tottering condition; the very fences, too, are falling to pieces. The pier presents a melancholy spectacle; the gates are closed and barricaded, and a notice intimates that the public are forbidden to walk on it owing to its dangerous condition. The notice is certainly superfluous, for, staring us in the face, is one of the toll-houses with its roof off, and portions of its walls in a state of ruin. The very flooring of the pier is full of great gaps, arising from the decay of its timbers, and the side railings are fast rotting away. This is said to have arisen from the depredations of a particular kind of worm, that is incessantly occupied in boring its way through masses of timber, and from whose mode of working Brunel is believed to have taken a hint when constructing the Thames Tunnel. Even the Clock Tower, which will be noticed in the centre of the Parade, the liberal gift of Mrs. Thwaites, the widow of some wealthy city grocer, and a most kind patron of Herne Bay, has begun to exhibit unmistakeable symptoms of decay. The swimming bath, too, at the western end of the Parade is now a mere dry cave, from the openings in which branches of trees may actually be seen protruding.

The Parade itself extends along the edge of the beach from west to east for upwards of a mile, and forms, as may be imagined, an admirable, and now that the pier is enclosed, a much-frequented promenade. Facing it there are one or two good hotels, and numerous stylish-looking houses, with others of a less pretentious character, most of which have pretty-looking gardens in front of them. "When the atmosphere is clear," observes the author of the "Herne Bay Guide," "the view from the Parade embraces the broad estuary of the Thames, some thirty to forty miles across, where the Essex coast stretching northward, leaves



ENJOYING THE SEA BREEZE, THE LAST NEW NOVEL, AND A  
LITTLE QUIET FLIRTATION.

the coast of Kent open to the German Ocean, with no land intervening between here and the coast of Norway. The picturesque point of Reculver, crowned with its twin towers, is seen on the east, and on the west Whitstable, with the smoky chimneys of its smelting-houses close in to what appears to the eye as one extended bay, and beyond the rising ground of the Isle of Sheppey. At all states of the tide the sea view is enlivened by the Whitstable fishing-boats, a fleet numbering one hundred, trawling for oysters in the bay, and while plying their busy craft, scudding and tacking in all directions, forming, with their many-coloured sails, white, brown, red, and patched, picturesque objects and groups. While the scene in the bay is diversified by the evolutions of these small fishing craft, and the sailing-boats of the place cruising along shore, and the long-pointed yards of the hoys and barges, loading in nooks on the coast, reminding the traveller of the lateen-sailed vessels of the Mediterranean, in the deep channel, further out to sea, there is a source of never-failing interest in the merchant-ships homeward and outward bound. A little experience, with the help of a telescope and a friendly sailor's information, will enable the visitor to make out the gallant Indiaman; the Australian emigrant barque; the Baltic timber-ship; the lofty, white-sailed American liners; and the countless vessels of all nations, for whom the estuary of the Thames is the great highway to the mercantile metropolis of the world. Mixed with them are seen the river steamers, bearing the jaded

citizen to the watering-places on the coast, with the great passenger steamships which keep open the communication with the coast of France, Belgium, and Holland, and the Mediterranean ports, and with colonies and settlements in the most distant parts of the world."

Midway between the two extremities of the Parade is the Clock Tower, of which we have already spoken, and which was built in 1834, at the sole expense of Mrs. Thwaites—its cost being upwards of £4000. "It stands on a platform, ascended by steps based on a solid bed of concrete, and is surrounded by a massive iron railing. Of the three stories of the tower, tapering upwards, the lowest has the form of a small square antique temple, with three coupled Doric pillars at each angle, and a corresponding triglyph cornice, and cell or chamber. The second story has a circular chamber, with an entablature supported by Corinthian pillars. The third, in the same style, but square, presents on its faces the dials of the clock, and is surmounted by an elevated dome of graceful proportions. It is to be observed with regret that this unique structure, so useful as well as ornamental, for which the town is indebted to private munificence, exhibits symptoms of premature decay. The sea-air is rapidly corroding the stone, for which a remedy might be found by its being coated with a composition now brought into use for preserving buildings constructed of friable stone."

Herne Bay pier, erected at a cost of about £50,000, stretches out to sea for nearly three quarters of a mile. The first pile was driven on the 4th of July, 1831, under the direction of Telford, the celebrated engineer, who designed and superintended the construction of this then important engineering work. Of late years a line of rails was laid along its entire length, on which steamboat-passengers, and their luggage, were conveyed in railway carriages, propelled, when the wind was in the right quarter, by means of sails.

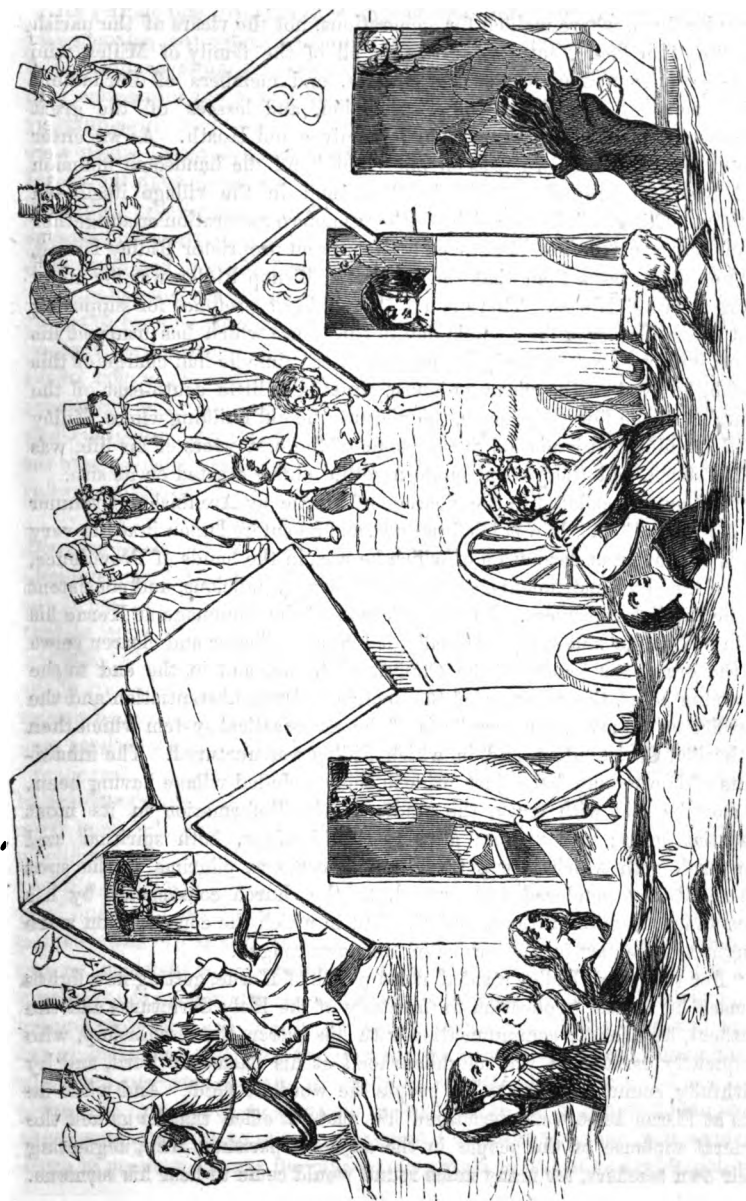
Herne Bay first came into notice at the close of the last century, when the French Directory, with the view of disguising the object of the expedition they were then preparing against Egypt, gave out that it was intended to operate against England, and even went the length of appointing Bonaparte General in Chief of it. Herne Bay being a convenient landing-place, and being, moreover, entirely unprotected, a small detachment of troops was posted there, not, we should suppose, with any idea that they would be able to withstand the shock of the French invading army, but more as a corps of observation than anything else. For these troops temporary barracks were erected on the edge of the Downs, at the east end of the town. This cantonment attracted many visitors from Canterbury, Margate, and Ramsgate, and by-and-by a few houses were built in the neighbourhood of the present Ship Inn, for the accommodation of such as

desired to prolong their stay beyond a mere flying visit, and shortly afterwards the first bathing-machine was launched under the patronage of Lady Hales, a resident at Canterbury. It was not, however, until 1830 that any particular efforts were made to bring Herne Bay into notice. In that year a splendid scheme was set on foot. A new town, three-quarters of a mile in length, was projected; the streets and squares of which were actually laid out, and the foundations dug, as a walk through the vacant spaces at the back of the houses on the Parade will testify. Through operations having been commenced on too large a scale the grand scheme was speedily doomed to come to grief, and the projectors had great difficulty in getting even the range of houses fronting the sea completed.

Herne Bay, spite of the disappointments it has been doomed to suffer, keeps up its pluck in a measure, and does what it can to attract visitors. Fancy its having a couple of assembly-rooms—one forming a part of the establishment known as St. George's Baths; the other the Brunswick Assembly Room, where the members of the Canterbury Cathedral Choir give occasional concerts during the season. It also has its hall, where the Literary and Scientific Institution meets, and where dramatic performances are now and then given by a corps of amateurs.

There is thoroughly good bathing to be had at Herne Bay—as good, indeed, as at any point of the coast. Besides several bathing establishments, there are three sets of machines—one at the west, and two at the east end of the Parade. At Herne Bay one meets with none of that boisterous vivacity which distinguishes the public bathing at Margate, and which appears to call for constant and rigid supervision on the part of the corporation of that town—on the contrary, everything is precise and proper as it should be, and paterfamilias may stroll about the beach without running the risk of being shocked at anything he witnesses.

There are numerous pleasant walks and rides in the neighbourhood of Herne Bay, which, in this respect, certainly bears away the palm from both Margate and Ramsgate. The village of Herne is charmingly situated within a couple of miles from the pier gates, in almost a direct line inland. So soon as we are clear of the outskirts of the town, and have passed beneath the line of railway, we find ourselves at the little hamlet of Eddington, where are several large farmhouses—one of which, on our right hand, known as Underdown Farm, was in former days the residence of a family, bearing the singular cognomen of Atte-sea, who were ancient landholders hereabouts, until one Edward Atte-sea was compelled to sell the ancestral estate of Atte-sea Court—now Strode Park—to a wealthy neighbour of his, in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth. Nearer to Herne Bay, and opposite to Underdown Farm, is another farmhouse, which occupies the site of Herne Parsonage—an ancient mansion of quad-



**PATHING MACHINES.**

angular form, where resided for generations, not the vicars of the parish for the time being, but its lay-rectors, all of the family of Milles, who were privy-councillors under the Stuarts, and members of Parliament subsequent to the Hanoverian succession, and lessees of the great tithes—not merely of Herne, but of Reculver and Hoath. As we enter the village of Herne, we pass on our right hand the handsome mansion and beautiful grounds of Strode Park, and in the village itself—an antique-looking building—which is either a modern restoration or altogether of modern construction, christened by its present proprietor Ridley House, for no other reason than that the celebrated Bishop Ridley was for many years vicar of Herne. There is not the slightest pretence for supposing that he resided even for a single day in the house which has usurped his name, but every reason for believing that at the time he had charge of this parish, he lived at the vicarage-house, situated a little south-east of the church. Some few years since, the picturesque old building where Ridley lived in quiet contemplation during some of the best years of his life, was pulled down, and the present modern gothic edifice erected on its site.

“Ridley was collated to the vicarage of Herne by Archbishop Cranmer on April 30, 1538. It was his first cure, and he entered upon it at the very crisis of that great revolution of which he was, in the hands of Providence, one of the chief instruments, as the most learned, judicious, and consistent of the English reformers. In the quietude of the parsonage at Herne his train of thought and study gradually led him to clearer and clearer views of the erroneous tenets of the Church of Rome, and in the end to the crowning point, the rejection of the doctrine of transubstantiation and the sacrifice of the mass, the very basis of the ecclesiastical system which then enthralled Christendom, and in which Ridley was nurtured. The inhabitants of Herne may feel a just pride in their secluded village having been, it may be said with truth, the cradle of the Reformation in its most essential point; and visitors alive to the blessings, both spiritual and temporal, with which it was fraught, will come as pilgrims to the spot where Ridley pondered and prayed, to the church consecrated by his preaching and ministrations, and the first in which the congregation were taught to take part in the service in their own tongue.

“For two years Ridley resided at his parish of Herne, getting new lights himself by a close application to the study of the Holy Scriptures and the Fathers, by friendly communication with his patron the Archbishop, who frequently resided in the neighbourhood at his palace of Ford, and by faithfully communicating to his people the word of God. And while he was at Herne he so well discharged his pastoral office that he gained the general applause of the people in the adjacent parishes, who, neglecting their own teachers, for many miles round would come to hear his sermons.

"In 1543, being then also Master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and a Prebendary of Canterbury, he was presented at the Archbishop's visitation for preaching at St. Stephen's against auricular confession, and for having the *Te Deum* sung in English at Herne, where the said 'Master Doctor' was vicar.

"Ridley spent great part of the year 1545 in retirement at Herne; and carrying with him probably from Cambridge an apology published by the Zuinglians for their exploding the doctrine of transubstantiation, still in some degree maintained by Luther and his followers—gave the question a fair examination, and discovered its sophistry in point of authority. Ridley was no sooner convinced than he strengthened his brethren; first convincing Archbishop Cranmer, and in the following year, by Cranmer's means, old Latimer; and this was laying the axe to the root of popery.

"In May, 1547, he was presented by the Fellows of Pembroke Hall to the vicarage of Soham, in Cambridgeshire; and in September following he was advanced to the see of Rochester, with which he held the vicarage in commendam, nor quitted it till he was translated to the see of London in 1550."

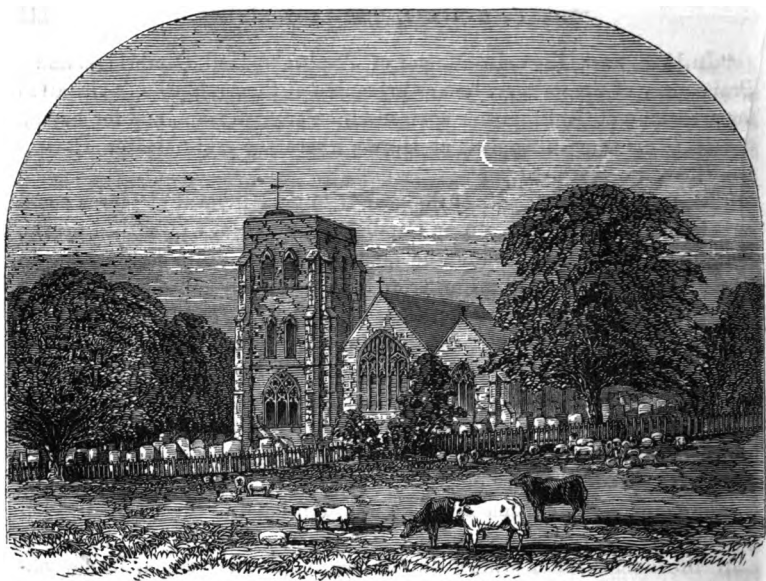
In the famous letter which, on the eve of his martyrdom, Ridley addressed by way of "last farewell, before taking a long journey, to his whole kindred and countrymen," Herne is thus referred to—

"From Cambridge I was called into Kent by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Cranmer, that most reverend father and man of God, and by him, by-and-by, sent to be vicar of Herne in East Kent. Wherefore, farewell Herne, thou most worshipful and wealthy parish, the first cure whereunto I was called to minister God's word! Thou hast heard of my mouth oftentimes the word of God preached, not after the Pope's trade, but after Christ's gospel; oh, that the fruit had answered to the seed! And yet I must acknowledge me to be thy debtor for the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, which at that time God had not revealed unto me. But I bless God in all that godly virtue and zeal of God's word, which the Lord, by preaching of his word, did kindly manifest both in the heart and the lips of that godly woman there, my Lady Fiennes; the Lord grant that his word took like effect in many more!"—STANFORD'S *Herne Bay Guide*.

The Lady Fiennes, or more properly Fineux, alluded to above, must have been *Margaret*, daughter of John Morley, Esq., and wife of Sir John Fineux; and not, as is commonly stated, *Elizabeth*, mother of the Sir John Fineux in question, whose monument, to be seen in Herne Church, is inscribed with a prayer for the repose of her soul, which would hardly have been the case had she been a Protestant.

Herne Church, partially screened from the road by a row of lime trees, is picturesquely situated on rising ground at the further end of the village. The tower is evidently the most ancient portion of the edifice, which was





HERNE CHURCH.

repaired and restored as we now see it in the year 1854 at an expense of £2500. As we enter the church by the porch at the north end, we notice the stoup on either side the outer doorway for holy water. The lower part of the tower is laid open to the church on the southern and eastern sides by gracefully-formed pointed arches; on the north and west sides are handsome triple windows in the later pointed and decorated style. This portion of the tower, which is used as a baptistery, is roofed in by a handsomely groined ceiling, with arched ribs resting on the capitals and dwarfed shafts of small pillars, which spring from well-sculptured corbel heads at the four angles of the tower.

The font, which stands in the centre of the baptistery—two broad, deep, octagonal steps constituting its base—is octagonal in form. Round the architrave eight shields are carved; one being charged with the arms of England in the time of Henry IV., another with the arms of the see of Canterbury impaled with those of Archbishop Arundel, who was translated from the see of York to that of Canterbury in the year 1396, which fixes the date of the font as early fourteenth century work. The armorial bearings on the other shields are supposed to be those of neighbouring families who contributed towards the cost of rebuilding certain portions of the church about this period. The shaft of the font is wrought into panels, which are enriched with delicate tracery.

The nave of Herne Church is divided from the aisles by a double range of elegantly-shaped octagonal pillars, having overhanging capitals, from which spring pointed arches in the early English style, that support a high-pitched roof, constructed of ribs of oak. At the western end of the nave is a large and elegant five-light window of the perpendicular style.

The middle chancel is lighted by a handsome decorated window at the east end, and on the north and south sides, by small painted windows of lancet shape, representing the Resurrection and the Ascension, and which appear to have been placed here in memory of the Rev. J. Wood, late vicar of Herne. In the south wall of the chancel is a gothic recess containing a piscina, adjacent to which is a handsome sedilia, surmounted by a series of gothic arches and an embattled cornice; and on either side of the chancel are three carved oak stalls, from whence the priests who took part in the choral service were wont to drone forth their Latin chants.

Built into the wall on the north side of the chancel is an altar tomb of stone without inscription, but with three shields on its face, the armorial bearings upon which prove it to be a monument to one of the Fineux family. On the pavement of the chancel is a well-preserved memorial brass, displaying the effigies of Lady Elizabeth Fineux, with shields of arms at the four corners of the stone slab, and the following quaint inscription at the lady's feet—

“The xxii daye of the monthe Auguste the yeare of the Incarnacion  
Of our Lord God to reken juste a thousand fyve hundred and forty save one  
Died this lady whych under this stone lyeth here buryed, Elizabeth by name,  
The wife of Sir John Fyneux late gone : The whych in this world had every good  
fame.  
Whose soul I praye Jhu through His grace In Heaven may find a resting-place.”

In the same chancel is the engraved brass of a priest in his gown, with a lion couchant at his feet, and with figures of the four evangelists at the corners of the slab. It will be seen by the subjoined rendering of the inscription at the base, that this is the effigy of John Darley, who was curate here sometime about the year 1432 :—

“Stay your steps. Here lies the body of John Darley, who was here many years curate. He was father of manners, the flower of Philosophers, standard of the Law, and anchor of his flock. The sacred page gave to him the honour of his Beginning; therefore be mindful of him in your prayers.”

In the south chancel is a very fine sepulchral brass in memory of Dame Christina, wife of Sir John Phelp, Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Edward IV.; who led the citizens to Barnet in 1471, the year following his wife's death, and was knighted by the king on the field of

battle. This effigy of Dame Christina Phelp differs in attitude from others of the kind, the hands being spread, instead of clasped together. The costume is a kirtle and mantle, the latter of very ample dimensions, lined with fur, and secured in front by a cordon, having a large slide and tassels. To the waist cincture is attached a rosary. The head-dress is that of the period called mitred. Near to the memorial just described are the figures of a knight and a lady, he in a complete suit of plate armour, and with his feet resting on the conventional hound. Above their heads are scrolls with Latin inscriptions, consisting of appeals to Christ and the Blessed Virgin, on behalf of the souls of those who rest below. From a Latin inscription at their feet, we learn that the effigies are those of Sir Peter Hall, and his wife Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of Sir William Walleys, of Hawe, which manor she carried to her husband. A century or so afterwards it was sold to Sir John Fineux, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII., and ancestor of Sir John Fineux, husband of the Lady Fineux whom Ridley converted to the Protestant faith, whilst vicar of Herne. This brass, which has no date to it, is believed to be the oldest in the church. In the same chancel are the effigies in brass of John Sea, of Underdown, who died in 1604, and of his two wives, Martha and Sarah.

There are several memorials of the Knowler family in the south chancel, and notably one to Robert Knowler, who died in 1635, and his wife Susan, whose effigies are here shown in the ordinary costume of the time, kneeling beneath an arch, after the style of the monuments of the period. This must have been the Knowler who purchased from Edward Atte-Sea, the manor of Sea Court, now better known as Strode Park. A tilting helmet, surmounted by a greyhound as a crest, the name of the former owner of which has been long since forgotten, will be noticed hanging against the chancel wall.

In the north chancel are one or two heavy-looking marble monuments to members of the Milles family, lay rectors of Herne for several generations, the last surviving daughter and sole heiress of whose house married the second Lord Sondes in 1785. One of the family, Christopher by name, who died in 1638, left the sum of ten pounds annually, to be divided among the poor of Herne, Reculver, Hoath, and Westbeare, whom, in a canting way, he styles his children; but this money is only to be paid so long as the lease of the tithes of Herne, Reculver, and Hoath, is continued in his family, and he prays the vicars of these parishes to intercede with the archbishop for the time being on behalf of the said poor, as he says (but meaning, of course, on behalf of a renewal of the said lease) "that they may not carry hence with them the guilt of conscience for neglecting to gain the charity of the dead towards the living poor." This was indeed

an exemplification of the old proverb of baiting with a sprat to catch not merely a herring, but a shoal of herrings. In the same chancel is a mural monument, with the effigy of a kneeling knight, in memory of Sir William Thornhurst, of Foorde, who married a daughter of Lord Howard of Bandon, and died in 1606.

Within the last few years there has been placed against the wall of the south aisle a small, and poorly executed statue of Bishop Ridley, who is represented standing beneath a gothic canopy. In the same aisle is a painted glass window, representing the Healing of the Leper and the Miracle of Cana, erected in memory of William Newton, Esquire, by the family of that gentleman.

The churchyard is bounded principally on the west by Herne Park, which contains some fine groups of trees. A pretty country lane skirts its western boundary, and leads over rising ground to the old coach road to Canterbury, now a broad avenue, overgrown with green sward, and bordered with overarching trees and bushy nooks, through the breaks in which glimpses may from time to time be caught of the broad green waters of the Bay. Further on is Herne Common, and beyond an extensive tract of woodland country which affords any number of pleasant shady drives and walks for a hot summer's day.

From Herne Common an ancient road, called the Bidgeway, leads along the heights to Hawe Farm—the old farmhouse belonging to which occupies the site of the ancient mansion built by Sir John Fineux, the chief justice, of whom we have already spoken. Of the Fineux family, old Leland tells the following quaint story:—

“The name of Finiox thus cam ynto Kent about King Edward II.'s days: one Creaulle, a man of fair possessions in Kent, was a prisoner in Boleyn, in Fraunce, and much desiring to be at liberté, made his keper to be his frend, promising him landes in Kent if he would help to deliver him. Whereapon they both toke secrete passage and cam to Kent, and Creaulle performed his promise; so that after, his keper, from this cause, was named Finiox. This name continuid in a certain stey of landes ontylle Finiox, chief juge of the King's Bench cam, that first had but 40*l.* of land. Olde Finiox builded his faire houses on purchasid ground for the comodité of preserving his helth, so that, afore, the physicians concludid that it was an exceeding helthfull quarter.”

Having got so far as Hawe Farm, the reader, if he be an enthusiast in matters archæological, will perhaps be inclined to extend his journey somewhat; but if not, he will certainly on some future occasion pay a visit to the ruins of Ford Palace, an ancient country-seat of the archbishops of Canterbury, a mile or two distant. The famous Whitgift used to hunt in its spacious park, and Archbishop Abbot chose Ford for his place of retirement, after that unfortunate homicide of which he was unintentionally

guilty, and which brought him for a time into disgrace. We have all read the story how that when hunting one day at Bramshill, in Hampshire, in company with Lord Zouch, he had the misfortune to kill one of the keepers, by a spent arrow from his bow. Ford was, moreover, a favourite place of residence with Archbishop Cranmer, and here he on one occasion entertained Henry VIII., who, after proceeding to Gravesend in his barge, had ridden across country to embark for the French coast, and who halted at Ford for the night. Ridley, when vicar of Herne, was often an honoured guest at Ford Palace. All that remains of the archiepiscopal residence at the present day, are a few fragments of masonry and the fish-ponds, and the broad deep moat which used to surround the ancient edifice.

On leaving the ruins of Ford Palace, we can manage to take Brook House on our return to Herne Bay—an old farmhouse which occupies the site of the noble mansion where, in days gone by, dwelt the family of the Brooks, one of whom, Ralph Brook, held the post of York herald, at the time Camden, the celebrated antiquary, was appointed to that of Clarendieu. Shortly after the appearance of "Camden's Britannia," Brook savagely attacked the work, out of jealousy, it is said, at Camden having been selected to fill the post to which he himself aspired. Sir Cavalier Maycote, of whose monument in the old church of Reculver we have already spoken, lived in grand state at the manor-house of Brook, the only remains of which are an antiquated red-brick gateway of the time of Henry VII., and a few carved panels displaying shields of arms of the Brook and Maycote families, which have been preserved from the ancient mansion and placed in one of the rooms of the present farmhouse.

Again starting from the Parade, our next excursion will be in a westerly direction, past the bathing-machines on the beach, at the extremity of the Parade, past the coast-guard station at West Cliff Point, and along the summit of the low cliffs to Hampton—little more than a mile distant. Hampton, we learn from "Stanford's Herne Bay Guide," is best known for its colony of squatters, "whose settlement probably originated in a gainful, but contraband traffic, in days when coast-guard stations were not so near and so thickly planted along this coast. The scene is such a one as Vandervelde might have painted. A pebbly beach, in a hollow of the Downs, on which lie an old boat or two, terminates a narrow strip of barren moorland, watered by a sluggish stream, which loses itself in the shingle, the water oozing through and trickling over the wet sands below. A narrow plank, crossing the rivulet just above, lands the visitor among a group of some half-score wooden huts or cabins, which, like the fences of the strips of garden recovered from the moor, are formed of fragments of old ship timbers, and roofed with thatch. Mussel-shells



"'TIS DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT TO THE VIEW."

strewn around, and piles of copperas collected from the beach for sale to the works at Whitstable, are signs of the avocations in which the inhabitants of this lone hamlet are employed. Eschewing regular labour, they snatch a precarious subsistence from the barren field which the far-



receding tide opens to their search: an amphibious race, the men fishing, the women wading, and the children, half naked, dabbling and paddling in the tide or the brook. The colony, which has preserved this independent position a great number of years, is unique, and well worth a visit.

"Hampton has an ugly reputation for having been in former times one of the many smuggling stations scattered along this coast. Its present occupants may be honest enough, though we would not vouch as much for

their forerunners; and, even now, the place has a queer aspect as regards facilities for a contraband trade, were there no coast-guard station at hand. The lonesome hollow in the range of cliffs, the sheltered cove under the point, with its shingly beach, high and dry, for running the crop, are the features on the sea-board. And then we have a strip of moorland by the side of the brook, on which it is easy to imagine that in bygone days cars and pack-horses stealthily assembled, while the swift galley or lugger dashed on the beach. Hence an unfrequented by-road leads up the narrow valley, among scattered farm-buildings, which were frequently, in the times referred to, receptacles of 'crops' not indigenous to the soil. After a couple of miles the by-road terminates in a range of woodlands so dense and extensive, that the detection of deposits made in them, or even the pursuit of a convoy, must have been alike hopeless.

"The close watch and ward which has now been kept along this coast for many years has, we believe, almost entirely suppressed the contraband trade for which it was famous in the last century, when smuggling was a favourite occupation of the inhabitants, and the more desperate the venture, the more sympathy it excited in favour of the smugglers. That bold and truculent race has died out; but the memory of their daring exploits, and the fate which sometimes attended their failure, is preserved among the survivors of a past generation.

"Not many years ago, when this trade was at its height, a revenue galley, with an officer and four men on board, was cruising on the look-out between Herne Bay and Margate. It was a squally night, and in the thick haze, the boat's crew failed to make out a large smuggling lugger coming up before the wind, till she was within a cable's length of their boat. The lugger came careering on, the spray dashing from her bows, as she ran up the coast. Suddenly the smugglers descry their enemy; their mortal enemies are at their mercy. 'Luff! luff!' was the word; and bearing down on the galley, and taking her amidship, the boat's side was stove in with a fearful crash, before the crew had time to pull her clear of the coming danger. The men made a desperate effort to save their lives by springing to the lugger as she struck their boat. Clinging to her gunwale, they might have been saved; but the hearts of the reckless smugglers were steeled to pity, and, with unheard-of barbarity, they chopped the sailors' hands, and beat them off with stretchers and oars, till they fell into the sea, and perished in the waves which bore the lugger triumphantly onward. We believe she ran her contraband cargo safely on shore; but the fell deed of darkness did not pass unpunished. In the eye of Providence it was marked out for a righteous vengeance. One of the boat's crew marvellously escaped: unseen by the smugglers, he hung on to the swamped galley, and was left behind, as the lugger, clearing the wreck, bounded forward in her mad career. This sailor was eventually

picked up, and being able to identify the leaders of the gang, probably well known-characters, his evidence secured their capture and conviction. Two of the miscreants were sentenced to death, and hung in chains on the bank of the Thames, near Blackwall, where the gibbet which held their remains still stood within our own memory, an appalling memorial of the smuggler's doom to the countless navigators of the Thames."

The extensive grassy slopes, dotted with patches of furze and heath, which rise up at the extreme east end of the Parade, and stretch down to the sea-beach, and which are known as the Downs, are a favourite place of resort with both residents and visitors. A walk over these for a couple of miles, with the twin towers of Reculver constantly in view, will bring us to the coastguard station at Bishopstone, at which point the chasms in the cliffs form a sort of wild-looking ravine. If the reader is anything of a pedestrian he will perhaps extend his walk another couple of miles along the cliffs to the ruined Roman castrum, and the partially demolished Christian church, whose past history and present condition we have described at length in the foregoing chapter.

While we write, a new and bold attempt is being made to raise Herne Bay into a condition of prosperity. It seems that in the year 1864 a company was incorporated under the title of "The Herne Bay, Hampton, and Reculver Fishery Company," for the purpose of establishing an oyster-fishery on the Herne Bay flats, over an extent of something like nine square miles. The nominal capital of the said company is £100,000, with power to borrow another £25,000. It is understood that nearly two-thirds of this amount are to be expended in erecting a pier, constructing tramways, and other works, and that the residue, about £45,000, is all that will be available for the purposes of the fishery, consequently, serious doubts have arisen as to the success of the undertaking. These doubts have been thus summed up by a writer who professes to be well acquainted with the subject:—

The extent of the Whitstable oyster-fishery—which, for the sake of comparison, may be taken as the model of an undertaking of this kind in successful working order—is under two square miles. This company (having an established fishery, £300,000 worth of stock upon their grounds, and annual sales amounting sometimes to £100,000) not unfrequently spend in one year as much as £50,000 in labour, and £20,000 in the purchase of brood for replenishing their stock. Their current expenses, therefore, in a single year, for two square miles of ground only, sometimes amount to £70,000.

The Herne Bay Company, on the contrary, start with only £45,000 available for the creation of a fishery of nine square miles. They have to prepare the ground by cleaning it, and laying down large quantities of



"cultch," to provide stock, and to carry on the working of the fishery during four years, before being in a position to realise any assets whatever.

At the present time the price of oyster brood is so high that the entire capital (£125,000) of the Herne Bay Company would not suffice to stock one-tenth part of the ground they have undertaken to cultivate. They pretend, it is true, to be in possession of a patent method of producing by artificial means the oyster-brood which they will require; but, as the system in question has not hitherto even been tried, it is obviously impossible, in a business matter like this, to calculate on the results to be obtained by it. On the supposition that their patent hot-water oyster vivaria should fail to furnish them with oyster-brood, what will become of the £80,000 expended in a pier, tramway roads, and other works?

There remains, however, the not less important question of the rearing of the young stock, supposing it to be obtained, which resolves itself into one concerning the character of the Herne Bay Flats as native oyster layings. The promoters of the Herne Bay Company assert that those flats will make admirable layings, while all the practical oyster-growers who know them are of a contrary opinion. Let us suppose the former of those two opinions to be sufficiently well-founded to warrant the expenditure of capital in a trial; still it is only an opinion, requiring to be proved by experience, and which possibly, and indeed not improbably, may be shown to be fallacious. Should, then, the dredgers and fishermen (who have passed their lives in working on the Herne Bay Flats) but prove right in the opinion they have formed adverse to the character of those grounds for laying native oysters, and the few gentlemen and amateur anglers among the promoters of the company (who have at most only once or twice dredged for a few hours upon them) but prove to be wrong, what, I would again ask, is to become of the £80,000 sunk in such works as a pier, tramway roads, and tanks?

The promoters of the Herne Bay, Hampton, and Reculver Fishery Company have, however, not only bound themselves to throw into the hands of engineers and contractors an £80,000 job, which can in no way profit an oyster-fishery, but have covenanted with Parliament that, "in the event of the inspectors of fisheries from time to time acting under the Salmon Fisheries Act, 1861, certifying that the company have for the space of twelve months failed to cultivate the oyster-grounds by this Act defined, so as to be of public advantage," or in producing and selling reasonable quantities of marketable native oysters, "all the rights, powers, and authorities conferred by this Act shall henceforth cease and determine." They thus risk the total sacrifice of the £100,000 of subscribed and £25,000 of borrowed capital, on the chance of the simultaneous success of a totally untried method of producing oyster-brood and of an equally untried piece of ground.

#### XIV.

##### WHITSTABLE—ITS COLLIER FLERT AND OYSTER GROUNDS—OYSTER DREDGING—WHITSTABLE CHURCH—TANKERVILLE TOWER.

WHITSTABLE, which we remember nearly a third of a century ago, as a small fishing village, dependent almost entirely on the oyster trade—it was then just beginning to do something in the way of supplying coals to the Canterbury market—has of late years risen to a place of some importance. It is distant about four miles from Herne Bay. Visitors go and stop there regularly during the season, though we must say that we are unable to point out its peculiar attractions. The country round about is certainly not pleasing; there is too much marsh land, and too few trees for our taste, and, moreover, there is none of that picturesqueness about its beach, which there was in the old days, and which caused artists, whom chance brought to the spot, to linger there for hours, sketch-book in hand—loth even to leave it at last. In place of a few straggling houses, there is now a regular High-street, with a branch bank, and an insurance office for lives, fires, and ships, an institute, and a reading-room, a chapel of ease, and a congregational chapel, and other chapels without number. Whitstable, too, has its newspaper, “The Whitstable Times.” Something like two hundred ships hail from Whitstable at the present time, each ship being manned on an average by seven hands; the chief of these vessels are engaged in the coal trade. The number of yawls engaged in dredging for oysters we should compute at upwards of a hundred. Their owners it is who form the celebrated “Company of Free Fishers and Dredgers of the Manor and Royalty of Whitstable, in the County of Kent,” concerning which an amusing article appeared some time since in Mr. Dickens’s “All the Year Round;” from this article we subjoin a lengthened extract.

The one idea of Whitstable the writer maintains to be oysters. “It is a town that may be called small, that may be considered well-to-do, that is thoroughly independent, and that dabbles a little in coals, because it has got a small muddy harbour, and a single line of railway through the woods to Canterbury, but its best thoughts are devoted to oysters. Its aspect is not sightly, if looked at with an eye that delights in stuccoed terraces and trim gravelled walks of a regular watering place; for the line of its flat coast (which takes up one side of a bay formed by the Swale, a branch of the Medway) is occupied by squat wooden houses, made soot-black with pitch, the dwellers in which are sturdy freeholders, incorporated free-fishers, or oyster dredgers, joined together by the ties of a common birth-place, by blood, by marriage, by capital, and trade. It has always been their pride, from time out of mind, to live in those dwarfed huts on this

stony beach, watching the happy fishing-grounds that lie under the brackish water in the bay, where millions of oysters are always breeding with marvellous fertility, and all for the incorporated company's good. How can the free dredgers, and the whole town of Whitstable, help thinking of oysters, when so many oysters seem to be always thinking of them?

"A primitive and curious joint-stock company it is; a joint-stock company whose shares are unknown upon the Stock Exchange, because they are never in any market except Billingsgate. It was not formed by any active and calculating company-maker, whose office is in the city of London, whose profit is a percentage upon all capital raised, and whose ambition is a secretarial chair. It came together in the dim old time, as a family compact, and a family compact it still remains. Its three hundred and forty odd members are all Whitstable men, or Whitstable widows and children. The stranger is never admitted to the rights and profits of a dredging-freeman, though the strange woman may be brought, by marriage, into the oyster tents, and may rear up sons who shall go forth and fish. The male infant is born a young shareholder, in one of the low, pitch-black wooden houses on the beach; he is nursed to the tune of an oyster-dredging lullaby, to the howling of the wind, to the hissing of the surge. He staggers into the back parlour as soon as he can walk, and finds it a Robinson Crusoe's store-room, filled with canvas, coils of rope, old oars, nails, paint-pots, and parts of ships. He tumbles out of a door at the end, and down some steps, on to the pebbly shore, where he plays on the border of his happy fishing-ground, or clambers into a boat bearing his father's name, which lies high up on the beach, half filled with the skins of dead star-fish, with cockle-shells, and muddy crabs. As he grows older, he sees nothing to wonder at if a wooden staircase comes down from the top rooms of his father's house at the exterior of the side wall; and he thinks an old figure-head of Minerva, swept ashore, perhaps, from the wreck of some collier, an ornament for a parapet, superior to any statue that was ever hewn out of stone. His first budding geographical idea is that Billingsgate is the chief city of the world; as that is the only part of the great metropolis that comes into immediate and constant contact with his native town. He thinks the handkerchief which his sister wears over her head and shoulders in summer, like a monk's cowl, or the shawl which she wears, for greater warmth, in the same way, in winter, the most elegant head-dress that was ever planned. He looks upon a crowd of fifty blue-woollen-shirted, heavy booted, oilskin capped free-dredgers, standing in the Whitstable High-street (the one main street of the town), as something which a place called Cheapside has never yet matched for noise and bustle, even on its most busy days. He is aware that the

railway has joined his native town to London ; but, as the produce of his happy fishing-ground is never landed at all, being shipped in his old, round, soppy market hoys that are anchored in the bay, and conveyed to market direct by water (the cheapest way), he is not brought much in communication with the iron road.

"The free-dredger is thoroughly independent, not given to touch his hat to lord or squire ; and if he does pay any mark of respect to the Duke of Cumberland, it is only as the sign of the dredgers' public-house, where the profits of the free company of oyster fishers are divided and paid. At fourteen years of age he may look with hope towards this old smoky tavern, and may enter, as a fisherman's apprentice, to see his master paid ; but at twenty-one he comes 'into his full birthright—his share in the myriads of oysters he has so long been thinking about, with all the claims and privileges that belong to the free-fishing state. He is then permitted to attend the 'Water-Court' on the second Thursday in July. Here all the dredgers meet and vote by ballot, revise the by-laws, appoint the nine watchmen with three watching boats, the foreman of the ground, with his deputy, and twelve jurymen are chosen as the board of management for the year.

"On this great day the whole town of Whitstable is hung with flags : and the sound of festivity is heard in the two principal taverns, and in the many small wooden drink-shops that are scattered along the shore. The inhabitants, who have long brooded over the oyster in the privacy of their homes, come forward now, and sacrifice publicly in its honour and praise. The young freemen are led into flirtations with maidens who are outside the incorporated dredgers' exclusive pale, and young brides are soon brought into the huts of the faithful, to gladden the hearts of the old freemen with the prospect of the company being preserved from decay. If a free-dredger dies without male issue, then his share becomes engulfed in the common stock, but his widow receives a certain reduced payment out of each day's fishing profits, up to the time of her death. The aged, infirm, and superannuated, about one-fifth, are provided for in the same way, as well as those who are compelled, by temporary illness, to stop on shore. No one that has once been connected with the happy fishing-grounds is ever found begging for a loaf of bread.

"The industrious little fleet consists of about a hundred fishing-smacks, and fourteen market-hoys. The hoys are, of course, occupied in going to and coming from Billingsgate, but the fishing-boats are always moored in the bay, opposite the free dredging settlement of the town. During three days of the week these floating representatives of the happy fishers (each one named after its chief master, or the head of the family to which it belongs) are employed with the happy fishers themselves in what is called

'dredging for planting,' and the general cultivation of the ground. Young oysters are caught and transferred to places where they will find the most nourishment; samples are drawn up like wine out of a cask, inspected, specimens tasted, and the remainder returned to the sea. The natural enemies of the oyster are sifted out and destroyed—especially the poisonous star-fish, and the mysterious 'borer.' The former must be the old original regular oyster-eater, as it devours them without pepper, vinegar, bread-and-butter, or brown stout, while the latter—a creature like a periwinkle—stabs them to the heart, and leaves no sign but a few black specks upon the shell. The whole of this planting process is agricultural in its character; and it occupies about six hours on each of the three days. So important is it to the welfare of the happy fishing-ground, and so necessary is it not only to preserve the young oysters already distributed, but to import fresh life into the plantation, that in 1858 the sum of fifteen thousand pounds was invested by the free company in a young oyster brood purchased from the coast of Essex.

"The dredging for the London market, a task of about two hours' duration, is performed on the other three days of the week—generally on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. It is regulated by the two salesmen who represent that happy fishing-ground in the market of Lower Thames-street, and it is this regulation which prevents any violent fluctuations of price. The telegram received from these agents directs the number of bushels that are to be caught for market on each fishing day, and the catching of these bushels is work that is equally divided amongst all the effective members of the little oyster fleet. Each crew of three men goes off to its particular boat to dredge its particular 'stint' (the number it is to catch), and it is not allowed to draw up more than its allotted portion.

"The first step in oyster-dredging is to put on an armour of warm clothing, in which it is extremely difficult for a novice to move or breathe. There are long worsted stockings to be drawn on over the trowser-legs, a pair of long, heavy, sewer-boots, reaching almost to the waist, to be forced on over these, a thick Guernsey shirt to be stretched over your body-coat, and an oilskin sou'-wester hat (like a dustman's) to be placed on your head. It is not easy to put on a Guernsey shirt without some care and practice, as the material is so highly elastic that the arms are contracted to about the size of gun-bags, and the head-hole is like the mouth of a stone bottle. In case of dirty weather, which is always provided for, you have a black, or yellow, salt, clammy oilskin overcoat thrown into your arms which feels like the soddened skinny casing of some large fish.

"About eight o'clock on a fresh October morning, the united company

of free, happy family oyster-fishers, plunge heavily and slowly through the stones on the beach, and proceed, in a thoughtful and deliberate manner, to push off their boats, and row out to their little oyster-fleet. They are all equal; they are all working together for good. The father meets his son, who is apprenticed out of the domestic circle—perhaps to a brother fisher next door but two; the nephew meets his uncle, the uncle meets his cousin, the cousin inquires after his aunt, who is laid up with the lumbago; the grandson lends a helping hand to his grandfather; the brother-in-law is in attendance upon his relations by marriage, and the whole scene is a picture of quiet, profitable, patriarchal trade. A dozen happy family shareholders will join to shoulder a rope, and pull off a barge-like boat that the tide has left high and dry. So confidentially do they lay their heads together to do this, that they look like a little open air board meeting held on the beach. Their whole movements seem to be regulated by a strong feeling that they have many centuries before them in which to do their work; and whatever accusation may be brought against them, there is no man who can say that he ever saw them in a hurry. They have lived amongst oysters, and thought of them so long, till, at last, it is possible to trace something of that steady, stationary, shell-fish in their nature. They have fallen upon favourable ground, where they fatten and thrive; they show no disposition to wander or move.

“The ship to which we row off is a small yacht-like smack, of about fifteen tons burden. Its deck is almost flush with the bulwarks, and covered with baskets, buckets, and nets; its aspect is brown and yellow; and its flavour is as decidedly salt and fishy as that of a free-dredging oyster smack ought to be. When our grey sails are set, we skim away from our inner coast moorings, through the little busy fleet, which, under all canvas, is already at work within the pole-marked bounds of the happy growing-ground, until we come to our proper anchorage, as settled by the foremen, the deputy, and the jury-board. The bright green hills of Kent, and the island of Sheppey, half circle us on the landscape. The blue salt water comes rolling in from the North Sea at the mouth of the bay; thin, pale, fleecy, grey and golden clouds are flying over our heads; and the dull sound of boat-building hammers comes to us from the low black town.

“Our nets are like fish—a thick trellis-work of undressed buffalo hide, washed almost white with repeated dipping; and the iron-knife-like bar at the mouth is formed so as to scrape the oyster beds. They are dropped with their iron work, like small anchors; and, when they are hauled in, there are shelly heaps in each net, numbering about eight hundred oysters. The haul is emptied on to the soppy deck, the nets are again cast over, and the happy dredgers stoop down in their tight thick costume, with very red faces and red hands, to begin the labour of sorting.

"A few whelks have come up in the haul; a few strips of green glistening seaweed; a few crabs, whose kicking claws are hanging from their shells, as if they were struggling to crawl in out of the cold; a few snuff-coloured old oyster-shells, eaten through till they are like rusty rings; and a few muddy spider-crabs, who run quickly from between the crevices of the little shelly hill. The oysters are of all sizes, in their different stages of growth. Some are like blocks of flint, a mass that, perhaps, numbers thirty nearly mature oyster lives. Some shells are covered with little pearly counters, the size of shillings, which represent a brood of infant oysters, all less than a year old. Some shells are ornamented with red-looking pimples, which the happy free dredgers call 'quats.' Some oysters come up highly clean and perfect in their formation, but not much larger than half-a-crown. These are generally the two-year olds, and, with all the preceding varieties, they are pushed on one side by the dredger, while he picks out only the slightly fish of four years' growth, and casts them into his basket. His theory is that the oyster, if left alone, may live about ten years; and that it is extremely good eating at five years of age. He knows the five-year old oyster by the layers outside the bottom shell. The little perfect yellow circle at the small end of the fan represents one year; the three successive brown pearly semicircles represent three other years, and the rough fringe round the outer edge represents the one year more. He is satisfied with the four-year old oyster, for general eating; and what he considers good, the London market is compelled to take. His belief about the origin of the oyster is that the spawn, or 'spat,' as it is termed, will float, in the season of June or July (in this climate), upon the surface of the water until the sun has dried it into lumps. When these lumps reach a weight sufficient to sink, they fall to the bottom of the sea, where they find a bed which produces the nourishment they want. This is his natural history, and it is good enough for all practical ends.

"When the sorting of the oysters is finished, and the baskets, which serve as measures, are filled with the picked fish, the refuse is swept back into the sea, through trap-holes in the bulwarks. This latter process gives rise to reflections on the advantages of ugliness. It shows that an old oyster, with a repulsive exterior, may be pulled up many times in a general haul, but with the certainty that it will be returned to the water, to live there till it dies.

"The loaded baskets, after being dipped in the bay, for the purpose of giving the oysters a slight wash, are placed on one side, and the same work is gone through again, until the 'stint' (or allotted number) is caught. The vessel shifts its moorings once or twice in the course of a single morning's dredge, in order that the hauls may be mixed, and that the taste

of the metropolitan oyster-eater may not be spoiled by feeding upon one quality, and that quality perhaps the best. When the proper number of baskets are filled, they are placed in the boat belonging to the smack, and rowed to one of the market-hoys that are anchored amongst the fleet. Each one of these hoys is capable of receiving about one hundred bushels, or nearly one hundred and sixty thousand oysters; and fourteen of these vessels, as before stated, are constantly employed going to and fro in the Whitstable happy fishers carrying trade. The baskets are lifted out of the boat into the hands of the hoy sailors—a very fishy, patched, and soppy crew—and their separate hundred-weights of contents are tilted, like coals, into the long wet hold. A soddened inspector, who looks like a hoy captain, is kneeling on the deck, and watching through a pair of spectacles the descent of the quantity and quality at the same time. When the last smack has delivered its required load, the market-hoys turn their heads due Billingsgate; the fishing vessels are mopped up, are run to their coast moorings and made tight for the night; and the happy fishers go on shore to dinner, the masters of their own time for the remainder of the day. Towards night they assemble at the ‘Duke of Cumberland,’ to hear and participate in the result of the last sale. The money is sent down by the two market salesmen in London, through the town agent of a Canterbury bank, and the sum is drawn out and divided by the managing jury of twelve. Their gains may fluctuate, being dependent upon profits, but it is generally found that if they want a pound on account, they know exactly where they can get it.”

Whitstable Church, which is some little distance from the town, consists of an embattled tower, a nave and chancel, and north and south aisles. It contains a couple of sepulchral brasses, one displaying the effigy of Thomas Bird, who died in 1440, and the other, which is without date, that of Joan Meadman. The font is in the decorated style. On an eminence at the eastern entrance of the town, is Tankerton Tower—a castellated structure surrounded by trees, the seat of Wynn Ellis, Esq., lord of the manor of Whitstable.



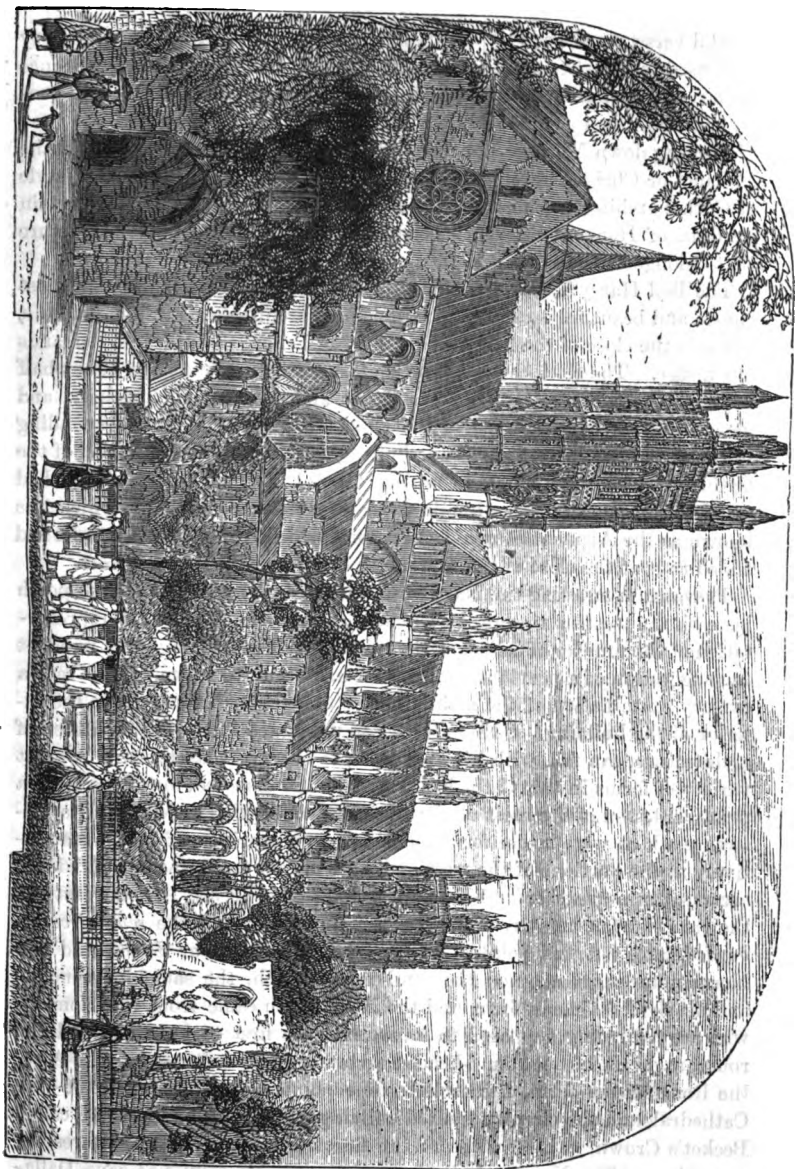


## XV.

**EXCURSION TO CANTERBURY—THE WEST GATE—THE CHEQUERS OF THE  
HOPE—THE CATHEDRAL—THE MURDER OF A BECKET—ST. AU-  
GUSTINE'S ABBEY—ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH—THE DANE JOHN.**

ANYONE who happens to be stopping at Margate or Herne Bay, and has never paid a visit to the fine old cathedral city of Canterbury, will do well to avail himself of the opportunity which its proximity to these watering-places offers, to make an excursion thither, either by road or by rail. During the season a coach usually leaves the Lord Nelson Inn, Margate, at half-past 9 in the morning, returning from Canterbury at 4 in the afternoon. From Herne Bay an omnibus starts daily at 10, and returns at 5, allowing the excursionist something like half-a-dozen hours to visit the cathedral, the Dane John, and the other chief attractions of the place.

Arrived at Canterbury, as a matter of course, we are eager to bend our steps in the direction of the Cathedral; first of all, however, we would advise the reader to take note of the West Gate, a heavy military-looking embattled structure with massive round towers, and having machicolations over the portcullis, through which molten lead was poured down on the heads of venturesome assailants. This interesting remnant of the feudal period is something like five centuries old. Next proceeding down the High Street, at the corner of Mercery Lane, on our left hand, and in the little court west of it, we can obtain a sight of all that remains of the famous inn, "The Chequers of the Hope," now divided into several tenements, where the Canterbury pilgrims, commemorated by Chaucer in im-



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

mortal verse, were wont to put up, five centuries ago. In an upper story that used to be approached by a flight of stairs from the outside, long since removed, is a spacious vaulted chamber of Chaucer's time, which still goes by the traditional name of "The Dormitory of a hundred beds."

Turning down Mercery Lane, we can reach the Cathedral through the Precinct or Christ Church gateway, an enriched example of the later style of Gothic architecture, many of the details of which closely resemble certain portions of Henry the Seventh's chapel in Westminster Abbey, a structure that belongs to the same period.

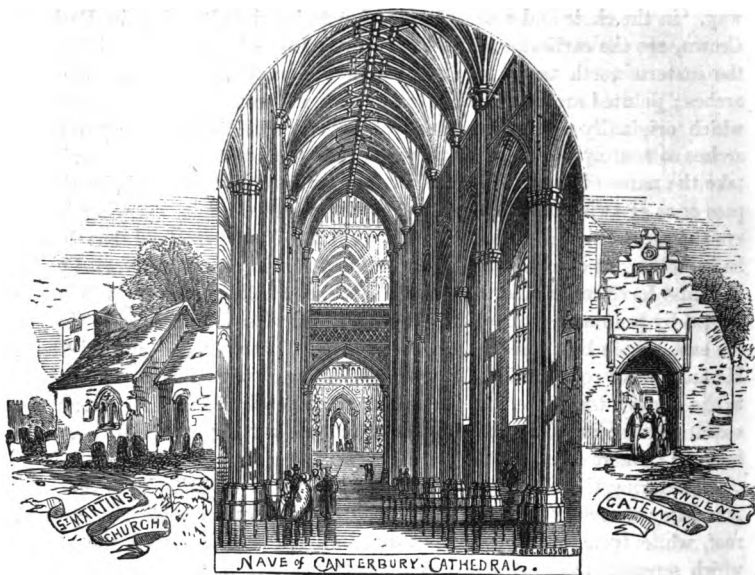
The Bell Harry Tower, in the centre of the Cathedral, one of the most chaste and beautiful examples of late pointed architecture in England, built towards the close of the fifteenth century by Prior Sellynge, first demands our notice. The clock-tower at the south-west corner was built about half a century previously by Prior Goldstone and Archbishop Chichely, and generally goes by the name of the Chichely Tower. The corresponding tower at the north-west angle was built by Mr. Austin, the architect of the Cathedral, so late as 1840, to replace the old Norman tower, which had stood for upwards of seven hundred years on the same site, and which was known as the Arundel Steeple from a spire which Archbishop Arundel had added to it at the close of the fourteenth century.

Previous to entering the Nave of the Cathedral by the beautiful porch beneath the western towers, on which is said to be sculptured a representation of the murder of à-Becket, though now hidden from sight, let us adopt the suggestion of a previous writer, and endeavour to make at any rate a cursory examination of the main architectural features apparent in the exterior of the building. "No one, ever so unlearned in the technicalities of architecture, can fail, with his eyes open, to observe that there is a great variety of forms in this Cathedral. Any one so disposed, may here learn a practical lesson of the most obvious features of English ecclesiastical architecture which were in use for a period of five centuries. If he look attentively at the portions of the west end, he will find the forms elongated and arranged in *perpendicular* lines uniting in *pointed* arches. At the east end they are shorter, stouter, more compact and solid, and the *semi-circular-headed*, and not the pointed, arch abounds. Both our Saxon and our Norman ancestors adopted the semi-circular arch, the same in principle and nearly the same in form, and the idea of both came from the Romans, who are commonly supposed to have been the first to have adopted the round arches. Hence round-headed arches are called *Romanesque*. After the Romanesque form, the arch became pointed, and the choir of this Cathedral, and the circular-vaulted building at the extreme east end, called Becket's Crown, exhibit some of the finest specimens of this interesting transition. 'The Norman imitations of Corinthian columns,' says Dalla-

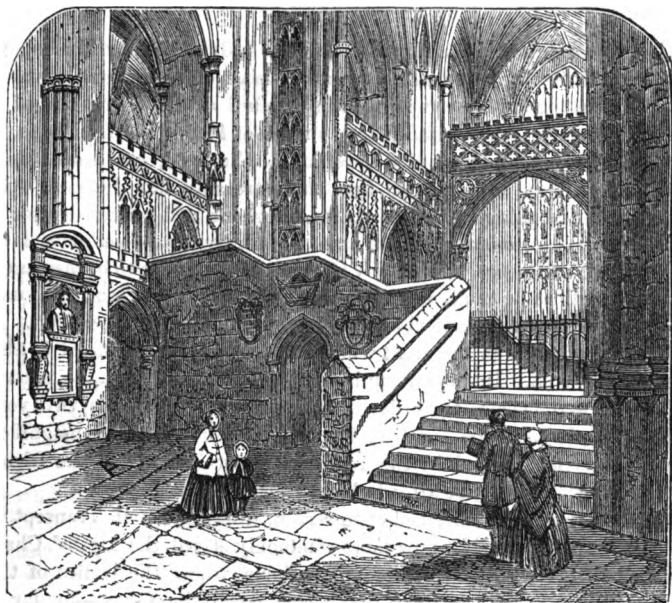
way, 'in the choir and alternate circular and pointed arches in Becket's Crown, are the earliest and most curious instances.' If we stand beneath the eastern north transept, at one view we may see bold Romanesque arches; pointed arches of rather broad span, supported by the very columns which originally upheld Romanesque arches, and then in the transepts, arches so acutely pointed that they resemble the heads of a lance, and hence take the name of *lancet*. Before the visitor enters the church, he should pass once or twice from the eastern to the western parts, carrying in his eye the most obvious forms. He cannot fail to have perceived that though he is looking at one building, it is a building consisting of most varied parts. He must have contrasted the general outline, which at the west is interrupted by points or pinnacles springing lightly heavenward, with that at the east, which has a solid, square look, as if part of the ground itself. He must have compared one of the western towers with the turrets adjoined to the eastern transepts, and the ornaments on each; in the first, every part seeming to ascend to a point—in the latter, all uniting in circles."—*Hand-book for Canterbury*.

On entering the Nave, we are at once impressed with its light and airy grandeur; a series of lofty clustered columns supports the elegant groined roof, while from other columns ranged on either side spring the arches which separate the nave and aisles. Each aisle is lighted by eight lofty perpendicular windows, which, with the great western window above the entrance to the nave, throw their gorgeous hues on the pavement below. Under the central tower the flight of steps on our left hand leads to the Northern Transept, commonly called "The Martyrdom," from its having been the scene of à-Becket's murder. This is the spot where visitors delight to linger, and try to realize the main incidents of that gloomy tragedy which, in its day, made so great a commotion in the world, and which, amid the scenes where it was enacted, although seven centuries have since elapsed, rises up vivid as though it were a thing of yesterday. But let us tell again the oft-told story.

Three days after Christmas-day, 1170, the four conspirators, Reginald Fitzurse, William Tracy, Hugh de Morville, and Richard Brito arrived secretly at Saltwood, near Canterbury. On the 29th of December, having collected a number of adherents, they went to the Archbishop's palace, adjoining the Cathedral, about two o'clock in the afternoon, and entering his apartment abruptly, a stormy interview ensued between à-Becket and the knights. They left him for a time, and returning fully armed, effected a forcible entry into the palace, from whence they hurried to the Cathedral where the Archbishop had gone in the interval to attend vespers. His servants would have closed and fastened the doors, but he forbade them, saying that the house of God was not to be barricaded like a castle. He



had passed through the north transept, and was ascending the steps which lead to the choir, when Reginald Fitzurse appeared at the other end of the church, waving his sword, and shouting, "Follow me, loyal servants of the king." The other conspirators followed him closely, armed like himself from head to foot, and brandishing their swords. The shades of evening had fallen, and in the obscurity of the vast church, which was only broken here and there by a lamp glimmering before a shrine, Becket might easily have hid himself in the dark and intricate crypts underground, or beneath the roof of the old church. Each of these courses was suggested by his attendants, but he rejected them both, and turned boldly to meet the intruders, followed or preceded by his cross-bearer, the faithful Edward Gryme, the only one who did not flee. A voice shouted, "Where is the traitor?" Becket answered not; but when Reginald Fitzurse said, "Where is the Archbishop?" he replied, "Here am I, an Archbishop, but no traitor, ready to suffer in my Saviour's name." Tracy pulled him by the sleeve, saying, "Come hither, thou art a prisoner." He pulled back his arm in so violent a manner, that he made Tracy stagger forward. Addressing Fitzurse, he said, "I have done thee many pleasures; why comest thou with armed men into my church?" They told him that he must instantly absolve the bishops. "Never, until they have offered satisfaction," was his answer; and he applied a foul vituperative term to



THE MARTYRDOM, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Fitzurse. "Then die," exclaimed the latter, striking at his head. The faithful Gryme interposed his arm to save his master; the arm was broken, or nearly cut off, and the stroke descended on the primate's head, and slightly wounded him. Then another voice cried, "Fly, or thou diest;" but still Becket moved not, but, with the blood running down his face, he clasped his hands, and bowing his head, exclaimed, "To God, to St. Mary, to the holy patrons of this church, and to St. Denis, I commend my soul and the Church's cause." A second stroke brought him to the ground, close to the foot of St. Bennet's altar; a third, given with such force that the sword was broken against the stone pavement, cleft his skull, and his brains were scattered all about: one of the conspirators put his foot on his neck, and cried, "Thus perishes a traitor!"

The spot where the murdered Archbishop fell, is near the entrance to the cloisters, and is recognizable by a small square piece cut out of one of the flagstones (marked A in the accompanying engraving). The body was originally buried in the crypt of the Cathedral, and hither pilgrims, attracted by the report of miracles performed at à-Becket's shrine, came in overwhelming numbers. A fire which occurred at the Cathedral about this time, rendered necessary the rebuilding of the choir, and when this was completed, Trinity Chapel was devoted to the re-

ception of the shrine of St. Thomas ; and the body of the Archbishop was removed thither in 1220, with a grand display of pomp and ceremony. An enormous amount was subsequently lavished on the decoration of the shrine. Erasmus, who visited it in the reign of Henry VIII., tells us that "a coffin of wood which covered a coffin of solid gold, was drawn up by ropes and pulleys, and then an invaluable treasure was descried. Gold was the meanest thing to be seen there ; all shone and glittered with the rarest and most precious jewels, of an extraordinary size—some even larger than the egg of a goose." Henry VIII. caused the shrine to be dismantled. All the valuables he could secure he appropriated to his own royal use—the other relics of the Canterbury saint went no one knows whither.

The painted glass in the great windows of the North Transept is about four centuries old. It was put up by Edward IV., and contains portraits of himself and Queen, their daughters, and their sons—the two young princes, murdered in the Tower of London. A portion of this magnificent window was demolished by the Isle of Thanet iconoclast—the Richard Culmer of whom we have already had occasion to speak.

We pass, though an enriched open screen, from the North Transept into the elegant Lady Chapel—now more commonly styled the Deans' Chapel, since it has served the purpose of a mausoleum, where the bodies of these dignitaries are usually interred. We also reach the Crypt—by far the oldest portion of the entire edifice, dating back as it does possibly upwards of a thousand years, for some archæologists are inclined to ascribe its erection to an earlier period even than the ninth century—through a doorway, down a few steps, leading from the North Transept. Ascending a long flight of steps, we enter the Choir through the pointed doorway in the decorated screen which separates the Choir from the Nave. This screen, which belongs to the early part of the fourteenth century, was erected by Prior Henry d'Estria, and contains statues of six of our kings in canopied niches. The Choir is generally admitted to be the noblest and most spacious of any Cathedral in England. It is divided from its aisles as far as the eastern or upper transepts by stone screens, which fill up the spaces between the pillars, the capitals and bases of which are Lombardic in style. The Archbishop's throne, a beautiful piece of stone carving, the stalls of the Dean and Canons, and the glazed screen in front of the altar, are fine examples of modern workmanship in admirable keeping with the other architectural decorations of this portion of the edifice. The ancient and modern stained glass windows in the aisles and transepts of the Choir, together with the clerestory windows of the Choir itself, have not their equals in any of our English Cathedrals with which we are acquainted.

Behind the screen of the high altar, is Trinity or St. Thomas's Chapel, which, as we have already mentioned, formerly contained the shrine of the

murdered à-Becket. Much of its original mosaic pavement still remains, and there is to be seen a circle of double pillars, between which is a circle of tombs of royal and illustrious personages. On the south side is the noble monument of Edward the Black Prince, with its rhyming epitaph in Norman French, and with his effigy of copper gilt, shewing the knightly figure of the gallant prince in complete armour, and with its hands clasped as though in prayer, recumbent on an altar tomb of dark grey marble, above which hang suspended the helmet and crest, velvet surcoat, scabbard, shield and gauntlets of the warrior prince. Opposite, is the tomb of Henry IV. and his queen, enriched with sculptures and paintings in distemper, now much obliterated, but known to represent the various incidents of à-Becket's murder.

At the east end of St. Thomas's Chapel, a large arch opens into a circular vaulted building, which, from the ribs of the vaulting meeting in the centre somewhat in the shape of a crown, has come to be commonly styled à-Becket's Crown. Here are some fine remains of ancient stained glass, but the chief object of attraction is the ancient patriarchal chair of grey marble, in which the Archbishops of Canterbury have for centuries been enthroned.

The Cloisters of Canterbury Cathedral present almost as great a diversity of architectural styles as the edifice itself. Here may be met with Norman masonry and Romanesque arches, together with pointed arches of the early English period, having exquisitely chiselled mouldings and enriched capitals of birds and foliage, and ribbed vaultings; with square-headed doorways belonging to the purely perpendicular era.

The following are the dimensions of the chief portions of Canterbury Cathedral :—

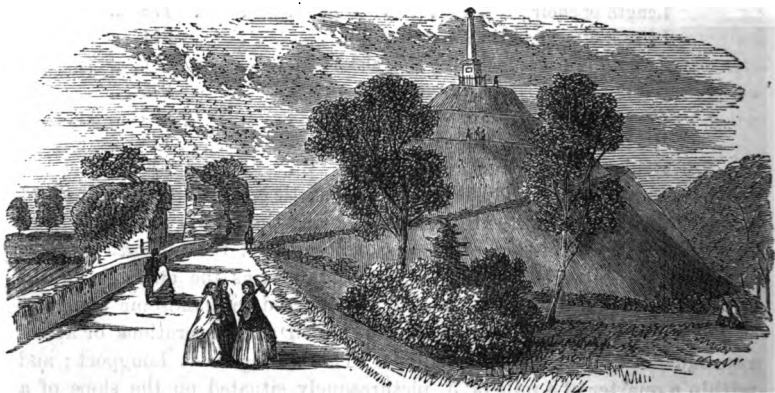
Inside length, from east to west	. . . . .	514 feet.
Length of choir	. . . . .	178 „
Length of nave to the screen	. . . . .	214 „
Breadth of nave, including side aisles	. . . . .	71 „
Height of Bell Harry Tower	. . . . .	235 „
Area of Bell Harry Tower	. . . . .	35 by 35 „
Height of Chichely Tower	. . . . .	130 „
Height of Arundel or Austin Tower	. . . . .	130 „

Of St. Augustine's Abbey, the earliest monastic establishment in England, some slight remains still exist, the chief being the highly decorated great Northern Gateway erected at the commencement of the fifteenth century, which has been recently restored, and now forms the entrance to the Missionary College of the Church of England, a handsome structure raised on the site of, and portions of which are restorations or actual reproductions of the Abbey buildings. This College is at Longport; and within a quarter of a mile of it, picturesquely situated on the slope of a hill, stands the interesting little church of St. Martin, supposed to be the



most ancient Christian temple in Britain. From the number of Roman bricks which may be detected throughout the structure, it is evident that, if not built, as supposed by Bede, by Roman Christians settled in Britain, it was at any rate erected with Roman materials. Here Queen Bertha, wife of Ethelbert, is said to have had an oratory, and within these walls she is believed to have been buried. On one side of the chancel there is a recess in the wall, arched overhead, and having within it an old stone coffin of the simplest form and construction, which is traditionally known as Queen Bertha's tomb. The church itself is an oblong building, consisting of a nave and chancel, with a plain pointed roof and a low square embattled tower, overgrown on the outside with ivy. The interior has been recently restored and somewhat over decorated. The font, claimed to be the very font in which Ethelbert was baptized by St. Augustine, though it may not sustain its pretensions in this respect, is still a most interesting object, and believed to be the most ancient in England. It is about three feet high, is without any stand, and is sculptured over with interlacing ornaments in low relief. The general opinion is, that it is of early Norman workmanship.

On the south side of the city is the hill known as the Dane John, an artificial mound, originally constructed, it is believed, to serve as a portion of the city defences. A pillar on its summit records the fact that in the year 1790, the mound and its approaches were laid out as public walks for the recreation of the citizens. The grounds, which are disposed into terraces, serpentine and other walks, and planted with at least one avenue, have been much improved of late years, and a marble sun dial, with a sculptured base from the chisel of Weekes, who is a native of Canterbury, and a fountain, composed of groups of dolphins and mermen, have been recently erected.



THE DANE JOHN, CANTERBURY.

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